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AND

## LITERATURE

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

We publish in the present issue the concluding article by Professor Kettle in the symposium, treating the subject of Home Rule from different points of view, which has appeared in our columns.

Lord Haldane, speaking on Monday night in the Upper House, made some very emphatic remarks upholding the Territorial Force. It should be looked upon, he said, "as organised units out of which to form a central force and a real striking force in the event of invasion," and it should be available "for coast defence, defence against raids," for the reinforcement of local skirmishes due to such raids, and for "dealing with an attack on a large scale." This is rather a counsel of perfection, perhaps, since the Territorial Force is at present about 40,000 short of its full complement. Yet, according to the November memorandum of the War Office, the privilege of a uniform for the Reserves—the most valuable portion of the Territorials—is refused: a regrettable decision indeed. For it is bound to discourage the men and to hamper a movement which by all reasons of policy and common sense should go forward and be assisted in every possible way. Moreover, it is extremely doubtful, if the provision of uniforms is denied, whether in the event of a war the Territorials would be recognised by the enemy as a military force in being; we might hear of similar events to the hanging of the *franc-tireurs* in the Franco-German war. We note that the War Office, in order that a distinction may be made between officers and men, generously—we might almost say lavishly—

permits officers who have received badges presented by private persons to have them electro-plated at their own expense.

If the energetic ladies who so ardently desire a vote and an active share in the government of the country wish to spoil their own case and to render their pleas ridiculous, they could have done nothing better than their exploits on Tuesday evening last. "We want the vote: let us therefore smash a few hundred windows," seems to be the argument, though we do not perceive that it has any pretensions to logic. Post-offices, restaurants, Somerset House ("and other shops," as one daily paper, which also refers in the headline of another article to the "Menace of Week-minded Persons," rather unkindly puts it), all drew the attention of the brickbat-laden Suffragettes, and we should think that even the densest of the Amazons can hardly feel proud either of the results achieved or of their personal equipment of intellect. For the results are simply the laughter and pity of sensible men and women—and a few hundred shillings in the glazier's pockets; and of the intellects which conceived such an absurd scheme, deeming that it would illustrate the woman's fitness for government, the less said the better.

Two or three amusing developments of the modern spirit are recorded this week. The rage for saving time and space which possesses most civilised nations seems to have reached its limit in Paris, where an advertisement has appeared enquiring for "a pianist who can play duets by himself." It would be interesting to watch this clever fellow—if he is forthcoming—when he took off his coat and really started work on a lengthy composition, especially if he managed to crowd it all in upon a single instrument. And in Berlin, we notice, it is "quite the rage" for people to have bird's-eye photographs of each other. A camera is securely strapped, corded, gummed, or otherwise affixed to a rocket; the rocket goes off (one hardly wonders at it), and the camera, calmly fulfilling the purpose for which it was created, despite sparks and noise, floats gracefully from the azure on the wings of a tiny parachute, "snapping" whatever unhappy person may be pursuing his or her duties on the earth beneath it. If this objectionable practice spreads to London we shall have to uplift umbrellas even on sunny days; the spectacle of the top of a hat and a pair of toes—which is about all a "bird's-eye view" discloses—does not appeal to us.

The moment may seem inopportune for the discussion of river steamers, but it is in the winter that the summer programmes are arranged, and we note that for the first time since the year 1870, according to the reports, a London steamboat company has during the past season declared a large profit. Although the exceptionally fine weather of the past summer must have aided this desirable result, a little common sense will help matters even in a poor season. For one thing, we are pleased to see that it is recognised that the present boats are too large and the service too infrequent; a quick fleet of small vessels, resembling the neat little craft that take the visitor to St. Cloud and other resorts on the Seine, would on the Thames be fairly sure of success. The "moonlight trips" of the recent summer paid well, affording a good opportunity for the tired workers to enjoy an outing after the heat of the day. This feature might well be extended, for London's river, whether its banks show warehouses and factories or trees and meadows, is magical under the moon of a summer night. We have never made enough of our national stream, and not one visitor in a thousand who talks of the sights of London has any idea of the possibilities of a journey by water between Greenwich and Kew, be the day misty or sunny.

## VITA BREVIS

O thievish Fate, that day by day  
 Stealest our niggard hours away,  
 Wert thou more lavish, I could show  
 Thee to what stature man may grow.  
 A thousand years were not too much  
 To put all knowledge to the touch;  
 Had I five hundred, I might try  
 To spell the scriptures of the sky,  
 Or, hid in some sequestered nook,  
 Behold an acorn grow an oak,  
 Or trace from Nineveh and Tyre  
 The secrets of the world's desire.  
 Had I but space enough, I would  
 Subdue all Nature to my mood;  
 Harness the seas, the winds command,  
 And weigh the planets in my hand.  
 But, let me make what speed I may,  
 Time, mocking, steals upon his way;  
 Youth, love, ambition, learning, all  
 Before his iron sickle fall.  
 Spread we our pinions ne'er so wide,  
 Death sets the limits of our pride;  
 Like towering falcons, at a gust  
 He brings our boastings to the dust,  
 And in his dark and narrow room  
 Shuts up the secret of our doom.

RUTH DUFFIN.

## THE RETURN

I must go down to the little grey port that watches the  
 western sea,  
 And wander again in the winding street that climbs the  
 windy hill;  
 There I shall find, by a jasmined porch, a door set wide for  
 me,  
 There I shall have my will.

For a little window looks out by day on a blue, unsleeping  
 tide,  
 Where brown-sailed boats sweep up and down for the  
 harvest of the deep,  
 And nightly beacons a twinkling light to wanderers scattered  
 wide,  
 And guides them home to sleep.

And the flowing tide comes flooding in, and chants around  
 the quay  
 A roaring song from the Ocean's heart of the lands that  
 are fair and far;  
 And the ebbing tide goes sobbing out, murmuring wist-  
 fully  
 Over the harbour bar.

There I shall stand among men who are strong with the  
 strength of the wind and the wave,  
 And hold simple talk with men who are wise with the  
 wisdom of sky and sea;  
 There I shall find in patient endurance the sure-set faith of  
 the brave,  
 There shall my heart be free.

BERNARD MOORE.

## UTOPIA—WHILE YOU WAIT

A COMMON-SENSE elector of Hitchin inquired of the intelligent gentleman who is advertising the infallible Insurance cure in the division, whether he thought that four minutes of legislative examination was adequate for the passage of eighteen clauses. The gentleman's reply is immaterial. The scandal of foisting any clauses "prepared" by the author of the measure on the people of this country without prolonged review is admitted, but the operation is continuing.

If we read the signs of the times rightly, we think that the view expressed by Mr. Disraeli in his letter to the electors of Buckingham in 1874 is being vindicated by the action of the electors of the country. Mr. Disraeli said:—

The English people are governed by their customs as much as by their laws, and there is nothing they more dislike than unnecessary restraint and meddling interference in their affairs.

We are not much concerned with the fate of the Insurance Bill, the utter unsoundness of which we were the first to indicate, and subsequently to demonstrate in a series of articles contributed by experts in the various fields encroached on. The attempts to amend the monstrous creation call to remembrance the toil of the sons of Coelus and Terra, heaping Ossa upon Pelion, and woody Olympus upon Ossa in their efforts to scale the walls of heaven. There are some efforts which are wholly bootless, and that of amending the Insurance Bill is foremost in the category.

Lord Randolph Churchill once remarked, referring to the Home Rule policy of "an old man in a hurry," that it was a policy "engendered by a monstrous and unparalleled combination of verbosity and senility." The author of the Insurance scheme is verbose but not senile, if senility is necessarily viewed as the outcome of old age, and therefore in his case it is more accurate to describe his attitude as one of quasi-senility. The petulance and obstinacy which not infrequently are observable in age are often evidenced by the Chancellor, but his want of judgment is rather to be referred to the infantile condition.

German critics, who have been endeavouring during twenty years to build up laboriously the fabric of national insurance, stand aghast at the temerity of a Minister who believes he can solve the problem by a draft smothered with amendments, accepted hastily, and incorporated at random. Such a course is an injury to the State, and will surely bring in its train disappointments, strife and heart-burning.

The folly of haste enforced by the closure is perceived when it is clear that over a long course of years the scheme will have to be amended perhaps beyond recognition. The bold and sensible course would obviously be to withdraw the Bill, and in the course of next session to introduce a new measure which should be subjected to the closest and most searching examination. National Insurance is not a party question; every one is in favour of it in theory. To the Chancellor will always belong the credit of having been the first politician to produce a draft scheme. We should like him to be bold enough to realise that further examination and greater cohesion are indispensable, and to the credit which already is his, to add the honour of retreating from a position which is seen to be untenable.

CECIL COWPER.



# DE OMNIBUS REBUS THE DORCHESTER PLAYERS

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

THERE are two great doctrines in the world. One is the doctrine of the hot-water—or air—pipes; the other is of the open fire. All science is in favour of the former; all common human sense knows that the latter is the better way. I believe that the arguments on the side of the hot pipes are innumerable and irresistible: there is no waste of fuel, all the heat generated is utilised, the air of the room or the mansion is continually kept at an even temperature, the atmosphere is not polluted with waste products in the form of smoke and soot. All this is true, and all this is futile. The air is warmed throughout. Exactly; and therefore genial heat loses all its joys. Who does not know that to enjoy warmth one must have cold, as it were, just round the corner? You sit on the old settle relishing the roaring of the fire up the big chimney, the flash and glow and crackle of the flames; and your pleasure in it rises from your knowledge that if you move your ear an inch to the left round the protecting bay of the settle it will feel something of the rush of the wind that is sweeping from the mountain, or the downs, across ten miles of open country, across dark woods scoured with bitter tempest, over midnight meadows, and swirling, rain-swollen brooks. You relish that generous, shining, and beneficent flame, because, with the slightest gesture of your head or your hand, you can put in apposition with it all the desolate and wild and inclement powers of Nature. There you are, safe within the shelter of your settle, warm and snug, rejoicing in body and spirit in the fire's glow. But within your reach, as I say, is all the earth holds of chill and wet and storm; you triumph in your shelter, partaker of the joys of both worlds.

Now these things are written as a symbol, and as signifying two great schools of thought. Some of us still realise, I suppose, that the glory of the dawn derives its delight and its enchantment in a great measure from the darkness of the night. The colours of the morning are in themselves full of splendour, but this splendour is made more red and more golden by the very fact that it issues out of darkness. This is the faith of the fire, but the doctrine of the hot pipe, or scientific school, would show, quoting Scripture, that the night is the time when no man can work, that work of one sort or another is the business of men, and therefore it were most desirable (were it possible) that night should be abolished with all convenient despatch.

The two schools of thought work themselves out in all imaginable regions of thought and to all manner of conclusions; they give their divers answers in matter of dinner and matter of divinity; they manifest in the heights and in the depths and in the intermediate places between the two extremes. In nearly every human province, I am sorry to say, the hot-air pipe fellows have the upper hand of it in these our days, save, perhaps, in one great business of mankind. It is only the most sordid amongst men who will openly proclaim that their love of women is regulated by logical self-interest. The Eugenists are busy, but not yet does the Lover demand to see the pathological "history" of the Beloved before he writes his sonnet and adores upon his knees. Let us pray that in our time, at all events, the *amabilis insania* may still be found, that lovers may still find in the madness of the scientific the wisdom of the truly wise.

I was forced to listen the other day to some scientific or hot-pipe pronouncements on literature. We were sitting round a country fire, and there was one who told us about

books and their writers. He was giving what the logicians would call, I imagine, the *differentia* of various writers; the one quality in each man which made him to be what he is, which marked him off from other writers. Thus Dickens, it seems, is of consequence because he, first of English writers, wrote about common people. I interpolated "Chaucer? Fielding? Smollett?" but without avail. Then in the roll of fame came George Moore, Bernard Shaw, and Galsworthy, because they had transplanted "Realism" from France to England. Then Rudyard Kipling's importance is this—that he first showed us that machinery may be made interesting. And, finally, we are to esteem a certain modern novelist's work most highly because in it the characters really grow up. "So you see," said the lecturer, "Blank Dash is a greater man than Thomas Hardy."

Let us not reason about the speaker of these things. I kept silence from bad words, though it was pain and grief to me, and I propose still to keep silence. Let us rather take up the magnificent cue of those last two words and talk of that mighty master of English romance, Thomas Hardy, supreme in the region of his own creation.

I have been lately down in Dorsetshire. Some townsmen of Dorchester were to show two "Hardy Plays" at their Corn Exchange, "The Three Wayfarers," which I remember reading many years ago with rapture as a magazine story—I think, but I am not sure, in *Longman's*—and "The Distracted Preacher," which I have never read at all. So for the first time my business led me into the enchanted land. I had no anticipation of what was to happen: I thought I should in all probability find an old English town vulgarised by picture-theatres and factories and motor-cars; that I should see masterpieces of story-telling spoilt and depoliticised by the hard traffic of the stage and by acting of an elementary and painful order. I had seen on illustrious London boards great legends vulgarised past all hope—I shall never forget "Don Quixote" at the Lyceum. So it was in the mood of resignation that I took my ticket for Dorchester. Wessex had been for me always fairyland, enchanted, holy soil: I was to find it out, to see its magic fortalices dwindle into modern villas of red brick.

It was soon after leaving Bournemouth, where the few, ugly, misshapen pine-trees look rather like exotics maintaining a difficult and precarious life than true natives of the soil, that I began to discover that my fears were mistaken. The wretched pines, the raw villas once left behind, the train rushed onward through a land that began to prophesy great things. We were passing through a wild and wide and ragged region; through a plain melancholy and mystic. Yellow sedges near the line told of swamp and marshland; there were rough copses of gorse, verges of brown woods, stretches of dead bracken, and here and there in the distance the bright shining of water. And far away the downs rose against the sky; vague, rolling heights, borders and walls of some unimagined country. Then at last Dorchester, encompassed by bare avenues of trees, rose up out of the wide plain; a town surging from watered meadows and looking towards those dim and melancholy downs.

Trains, of necessity, bring us to railway-stations; but once out of Dorchester Station one starts rather from the swelling earthworks of the Roman amphitheatre only a few yards away. From these green immemorial bulwarks, then, I climbed upwards through the Georgian street which mounts the hill-side in grave and seemingly fashion to the high place above the town where it becomes an avenue of dark interlacing boughs. And here it may be said that every street in Dorchester seems to end in such an avenue, so that now in this autumn season there is, as it were, a wall of dark boughs all about the place on every side. From the height I looked down on the town, where the evening lamps were beginning

to shine under a flushing sunset, and veils of bluish mist from the meadows, and softly-rising smoke. Above the red clouds the sky had a band of violet; and there beyond the lights, under the sunset glow, was the mystic rampart of the melancholy downs. It was Dorchester; it was a snug county town in provincial England, and yet it was as surely as the land of Dyved in the Welsh bards, "*Gwlad yr Hud*"—Land of Enchantment. Mystic was that region from the beginning, mystic ever was the wide, watered valley bounded by the awful, solitary hills; but now this land has become doubly magical, since the great master of romance has raised his hand over it, since he has made it the theatre of his miraculous achievement. "*Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium*," said Horace of the well under the ilex-shadow; and now we know that all that land of Wessex is received into the region of the immortal hills and fields; it shines radiant and marvellous for ever in the eternal world of imagination. Its every clod is sacrosanct; its streams are holy waters; its orchards blossom amongst the garths of the undying.

It was with such thoughts that I went to the Dorchester Corn Exchange to see the plays. I scarcely hoped that the charm would not be broken, since I have always found, as I have said, the theatre to be the most potent agent for reducing gold to brass. And to my amazement I found myself rapt still deeper into fairyland. I do not know how on that tiny stage this marvel was accomplished by amateur actors, but certainly the thing was done. The scenery and the lighting were of necessity makeshifts; some of the actors were nervous to the point of distress; cues were often not taken up over briskly; here and there the due emphasis and weight of a sentence or a situation were lost through inexperience. But these Dorchester amateurs gave us the world of Hardy's romances; by some art of their own they destroyed their own scenery and their own properties and conjured up instead the vision of the lonely downs, of the wide plains and the shining waters. I have seen great themes made trivial and unworthy on many a practised stage, and all the helps of mechanism and all the arts of the actors seemed but to increase the heinousness of the offence. But down in Dorchester the country players took two of Thomas Hardy's slightest tales and invested them with a magic splendour. Let them not trouble if their material lamps were somewhat ineffectual, since in their work there was the glowing of the immortal fire of romance.

### LETTERS FROM THE WAR—III.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE Oasis at Tripoli was full of surprises for the unwary. One day it would be perfectly safe, and the next full of lurking danger. For days at a time you could pass up and down the main roads leading from the town to the desert in security, and then, without any warning, you would find whole lines of infantry lining the cactus-hedges, peering into houses and gardens, and firing at some lurking foe who had succeeded in obtaining a lodgment therein, or who had escaped the general destruction which had overwhelmed his friends. During the attack of October 26th, the most exciting incident of the whole war occurred between Boumiliana and the Cavalry Barracks Road. Even to this hour no one can give a really coherent account of what occurred because the chief actors in this little isolated drama of war are dead, and it took place at grey dawn, when the survivors could only see a short distance. Between Boumi-

liana and the Cavalry Barracks the Italian entrenchments face the open desert. But the desert is not flat, for the sandstorms throw up shifting dunes, which continually change the configuration of the ground, and which provide excellent cover from rifle-fire to a foe concentrating to deliver an attack. Against artillery they are little or no protection, and that is why the Turks and Arabs always chose the dawn to deliver their onslaughts along the south front of the Italian lines. On the east side, where they can advance through the cover of the Oasis, they often attack during the day, for there they have excellent shelter.

Now on the morning of October 26th the infantry in the trenches were not expecting an attack. They thought that the enemy had exhausted their offensive on the 23rd, and the soldiers, weary from three days of incessant fighting and shooting of Arabs, and from long vigils in the trenches, had somewhat relaxed their customary vigilance. Many of the men were asleep, and only at intervals the sentries stood at their posts among their sleeping comrades, gazing out into the darkness and trying to pierce the gloom which shrouds the desert. Yet somehow, in spite of the sentries, the Arabs on the morning of the 26th managed to creep up behind a small sand dune to within about two hundred yards of that portion of the line held by the 6th Company of the gallant 84th Regiment. The line was weakly held at this point. There were only the infantry in the advanced trench, and absolutely no reserve behind, only the deserted tents of the battalion just inside the edge of the Oasis. No one can explain how the surprise was effected, but the most plausible solution is that the sentries had fallen asleep. Suddenly about 250 Arabs—led, it is said, by Turkish officers disguised—rushed from out of the desert, leapt the 2ft. of protecting sand, and were amongst the conscript soldiers before the alarm could be given. It was an awful moment. Imagine being awakened from pleasant dreams of Italy, the land of sunshine and music, to feel a bayonet being shoved through your ribs, or just as you opened your weary eyes to have the butt end of a rifle smash in your skull! Happily the majority of the men at this point were killed before they had time to suffer, and over fifty fell in a few minutes. But not all were slain, and the survivors waged a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the Arabs, killing many.

Just behind the point where the 6th Company were surprised there is a little white house, and this had been loopholed and the roof fortified with sand-bags. This broke the force of the Arab attack, for they were met by a galling fire from it and suffered many casualties. To take it by assault was impossible, and the survivors of the 6th Company found shelter therein. To obtain protection from this miniature fortress the Arabs rushed past it into the Oasis behind, and commenced to fire on the rear of the Italian line from the shelter of the houses and orchards. The little house to-day is a standing monument to the severity of the struggle. It is literally riddled with bullets, and around it lie thousands of empty cartridge-cases and much *débris* of the battlefield. The 7th Company of the 84th Regiment now found themselves exposed to a heavy fire from the Oasis; the men faced about to return it, but they were too few in numbers to make an effective response, and could not leave their entrenchments to make an attack lest fresh bodies of Arabs should rush them from the front. It was five in the morning, and the situation was most critical. No one knew exactly how many Arabs had obtained the cover of the Oasis, and naturally in the darkness and confusion men thought there were thousands where there were only hundreds. The only reserve behind the advance line near at hand was some cavalry in the barracks a few hundred yards to the right.

The men, to the number of about one hundred, roused



from their slumbers by the shouts and firing, rolled from their blankets, seized their carbines and cartridge-belts, and, only half-dressed, rushed forth into the darkness. As one of them expressed it to me afterwards: "We felt we were all going to die, but we were determined to save the situation and preserve the line." Gallantly led by their officers, they rushed into the Oasis and attacked the Arabs pell-mell just where they found them. It was a fearful *mêlée*, in which every man fought for himself. There was firing from all sides, and in the semi-darkness many Italians fell from the bullets of their comrades, and the artillery added to the confusion by concentrating a tremendous fire on this point. The ground after the engagement was ploughed up with shells and very many brave Italians must have fallen from the shrapnel. But victory at length crowned their efforts. Many of the Arabs were slain; the survivors tried to escape from the Oasis and to regain the desert to avoid being caught in a trap. But to do this they had to pass the little house, from which they were shot down in scores, and also to run the gauntlet of fire from the trenches and to pass under a rain of shrapnel from the guns. Thus only a very few made good their retreat. The trenches were once more occupied and the broken line reformed.

Of the Arabs who delivered this attack about forty remained alive in the Oasis. They knew they could expect no quarter, and they determined to die fighting. They seized some of the deserted houses just inside the Oasis within two hundred yards of the entrenchments and quite close to the main road running from Tripoli, through the Oasis to the desert. During the day they continually sniped the rear of the Italian line and fired on the convoys passing up and down the road. The Italians feared they would attempt to rush the line from the rear during the darkness, and to prevent this they built a second line of entrenchments facing the Oasis. The infantry were now confronted with the task of how to dislodge these desperate men. A frontal attack on the houses would only have led to a great loss of life and possible failure, and yet they could not be allowed to remain there and continually harass the line from the rear.

## THE HUTH SHAKESPEARES

In the article on "Book-Sales, Old and New" in THE ACADEMY for November 11th it was remarked, with reference to the predominance of a single bidder at the Hoe sale last April, that to travel three thousand miles, stay a fortnight in New York hotels, and come home with a mere handful of purchases, was an experience which hardly invited repetition. Americans interested in Shakespeare folios and quartos have now (with one exception!) at their command the crushing retort that, whereas at the Hoe sale English visitors had at least the excitement of bidding up to their limit, in their own case they have arrived in London only to find all Mr. Huth's Shakespeariana already sold. The similar course pursued in the case of the Caxtons at the Amherst sale and of Lord Howe's Shakespeare quartos in December, 1907, may perhaps be regarded as a sufficient warning of what might happen. All the same it might be well that future English catalogues of important collections should bear the words "Unless previously sold by private treaty" boldly printed beneath the notice of the date of the auction.

Mr. Huth's folios and quartos were a sufficiently fine set to place him in the front rank of Shakespeare collectors. He and his father were content, it is true, with possessing only one example of the second and fourth folios, without

troubling as to the four variant title-pages of the second and two of the fourth which American collectors covet. These special title-pages prefixed to books otherwise identical are only valuable as illustrating the trade-custom of the time, which gave any sharer in a book the right of having such a variant title, bearing his name as the publisher, printed for all the copies for which he subscribed. The older collectors took no account of these variants, so that they are unrepresented not only in the Huth library, but in most English collections, including, I am rather sorry to say, that of the British Museum.

Of the sixty-nine quarto editions of single plays by Shakespeare printed before the Restoration Mr. Huth possessed some twenty-eight, or about the same number as Lord Howe. Three of these, reckoned among the greater rarities—the first editions of "Richard II.," "Richard III.," and the "Merry Wives of Windsor"—were represented in the British Museum only by a fragment of the "Richard III." They were, therefore, claimed by the Museum under the generous provision in Mr. Huth's will which gave it, in the event of his library being sold, the right to select from it any fifty books. The value of this gift, at a time when the competition of millionaires has reduced almost to zero the Museum's power of filling up its greater gaps, could hardly be better illustrated than by the case of these quartos. Of the seventeen plays of Shakespeare which were published in quarto before the appearance of the Folio in 1623 the Museum already possessed thirteen. Save for the recently discovered 1594 edition of "Titus Andronicus" (with which it is pleasant to believe that Shakespeare had very little to do), acquired by an American collector for some £2,000, the Museum set of first editions is now, by Mr. Huth's benefaction, complete. As long ago as 1864, when Mr. Huth's father bought them at the Daniel sale, these three quartos fetched together over a thousand pounds. To buy them now, even if purchases *en bloc* had left a chance of bidding, would probably have cost four or five times that sum, and the Museum collection would have remained for ever incomplete. As it is, Mr. Huth's patriotism has rounded it off very satisfactorily. Of the sixty-nine issues and editions in quarto already mentioned as published before the Restoration it now possesses no fewer than sixty-three, two of the six gaps being editions of the doubtful "Titus Andronicus," two others variants only as regards their title-pages, leaving only the 1604 quarto of "Henry IV." and 1602 quarto of "Henry V." as really regrettable wants. The Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are both also very rich, the former possessing fourteen and the latter thirteen of the first editions, and each having about forty of the later ones, or some fifty-three or fifty-four in all. The Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the library of Eton College have also a nice handful apiece. Of private owners the Duke of Devonshire is possibly the only Englishman still left in possession of any large number, the treasures of Frederick Locker, Mr. Hussey, Lord Howe, Bishop Gott, and other collectors having crossed the Atlantic for the enrichment of Mr. E. D. Church, Mr. Folger, Mr. Hoe, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. White. On the other hand, the Lenox collection now in the New York Public Library, and the Barton at Boston, are the only two of any note at present in public ownership in the United States.

In respect to rarity, Shakespeare quartos fall into two groups. In the first of these we have the unique "Titus Andronicus" of 1594, the "Hamlet" of 1603, of which the only two copies known belong to the British Museum and the Duke of Devonshire, and several others, of which only four or five copies remain. The commonest member of this group is probably the edition of "The Merchant of Venice"

printed in 1600 for Thomas Heyes, fourteen copies of this having been traced. The second and smaller group consists of the quarto of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" purporting to have been "Printed by James Roberts, 1600;" the "King Lear" "Printed for N. Butter, 1608;" the 1608 "Henry V.," and the "Pericles" and "Merry Wives" of 1619. Of these Mr. G. W. Cole, the cataloguer of the Church collection, has traced from nineteen to twenty-three copies apiece to known owners. In an article in THE ACADEMY for June, 1906, it was shown that the reason for these quartos being so much less rare than the others is that in 1619 they were put on the market with three other plays with which Shakespeare's name was connected (the "Whole Contention," "Yorkshire Tragedy," and "Sir John Oldcastle"), the set of nine being, at least in some cases, bound together in a volume, which naturally stood the attack of time better than single copies. Starting from this ACADEMY article, it has since been shown that, despite their different printed dates, the plays were not only all sold together in 1619, but were all printed together in that year. The crowning proof of this curious discovery (which reversed the received order of the two editions of the "Merchant of Venice" dated 1600) came in October, 1910, when Mr. William Neidig, of the University of Wisconsin, by an ingenious use of photography showed that the words "Written by W. Shakespeare," as set up for the "Yorkshire Tragedy" of 1619, remained undisturbed in the forme, and were used again in printing the title-pages of the "Pericles" of 1619, the "Roberts" "Merchant of Venice" dated 1600, and the "Merry Wives" dated 1619.

In reviewing Mr. Neidig's articles, the present writer expressed the opinion that thenceforth any bookseller who sold the "Roberts" "Merchant of Venice" dated 1600 as really printed in that year would be liable to have it returned to him as misdescribed. Perhaps from this point of view Messrs. Sotheby, whose cataloguers are a little conservative in such matters, are to be congratulated on the sale *en bloc*, which has doubtless relieved them of any danger of this kind. Still heartier congratulations may certainly be offered to the library of Yale University on its splendid acquisition, and to Mr. W. A. Cochrane on his public spirit. The comparative commonness of these quartos, together with the inclusion of the folios, suggested that the purchaser of the Huth copies was probably a new collector, since all the American book-lovers named above already possessed them. But it was difficult to place any limit to the number of duplicates with which an enterprising millionaire might encumber himself in order to obtain the "Hamlet" of 1604, the second part of "Henry IV." (1600), the real 1600 edition of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a copy of the 1609 "Troilus and Cressida," with both the title-pages. The announcement of the destination intended for these treasures was thus very satisfactory.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

## WHISTLER—II.

### A PAGE IN THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN\*

BY FRANK HARRIS

ALL one needs in order to picture Whistler's life and being dramatically is the trial with Ruskin—a trial which could have taken place in no other country, a trial in which all the long, unjust, and shameful martyrdom of a great spirit came

\* *The Life of James McNeill Whistler.* By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann.)

into the intensest light with every concomitant of hatred and contempt. Such an object-lesson in atrocious British Philistinism, in the ludicrous ignorance of British journalists and the British public, may not occur again in a century.

The Pennells have told the story, it is true; but they have taken it in their stride, so to speak. They have not relieved it out or dwelt upon it and exhibited it in the strong light it deserves; its national, its human interest and importance escape them. Yet it has a universal, even a symbolic significance which it would be well for all of us to bear in mind.

Here on the one side was Whistler the artist, a man of the noblest impersonal ambition, striving to make beautiful things not only for his own time, but for the ages to come; sure therefore to be very insufficiently rewarded at the best, earning from present patrons only a bare livelihood after years of extraordinary achievement. Mark you, he is doing no one any harm; intent indeed on doing good—the highest good to as many as possible; a man to be encouraged, therefore, and helped by the sympathy and admiration and love of all good men and women, *even if they could not realise the greatness of his gift to them.* We all owed him reverence for his high calling and aim, honour as well in this instance for magnificent work accomplished; sympathy, too, for—

"All instincts immature

All purposes unsure,

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount."

This Whistler was exhibiting some of his work, notably some "Nocturnes," night scenes on the Thames. The worst the trading-folk and their servants, the journalists and critics should do if they didn't like the work would be to pass by in reverent silence, recognising the nobility of the intention. But, no! A man, self-styled a critic and connoisseur of painting, declared that this priest of art, Whistler, was insulting the public, throwing his paint-box, so to speak, in their faces, and asking money for the insult. No more preposterous and improbable accusation was ever made; it was shamefully cruel besides, and the very reverse of the truth. But it was repeated and re-echoed in every London paper with triumphant yells of obscene delight amid the heehaws of the multitudinous, furry-eared crowd. Had Ruskin tried to stop a financier from swindling or a tradesman from stealing he would have had a warm time of it in England *even though he had told the truth.* But Ruskin could practically ruin a great artist with a foolish lie and English journalism and English prejudice would help him in every way.

Whistler appealed to the law for protection, and sued Mr. Ruskin for libel. He believed that certain artists at least would stand by him, and thus enable him to give ignorant criticism a needed lesson. He had not reckoned with the envy and hate which mediocrity feels for genius. Mr. Burne-Jones declared in the witness-box that Whistler's pictures had no "finish"; Whistler's own witness, W. M. Rossetti, did not think the "Nocturne" "a gem"; he would not call it "very beautiful." Before the case was heard nine out of ten English papers did their best to prejudice the issue by heaping ridicule on the artist. The Attorney-General (Sir John Holker) was delighted to defend Mr. Ruskin, who was a rich man; he cast all the scorn he could on Whistler. In the course of the trial he held the "Nocturne" upside down and asked whether Mr. Whistler really thought it a work of art, and worth £200? In his speech to the jury he called Whistler a "mere pretender," and said his pictures were ridiculous. Yet, after the trial, he is said to have declared that he was "very sorry Mr. Ruskin was not punished."

The "Nocturne," which seemed to the sapient Attorney-



General an absurd daub, has since been bought for two thousand guineas by the National Arts Collection Fund, presented to the nation, and now hangs in the National Gallery.

And the Attorney-General to-day or to-morrow would behave in the same way. Not one lawyer in a thousand knows a fine original picture when he sees it, or a great book when he reads it—not one in a thousand.

The jury at this very trial took a fine Titian for a Whistler, and waved it aside contemptuously; in precisely the same spirit of contemptuous ignorance the Judge asked Whistler how long it had taken him to paint the picture? In the end the jury gave Whistler a farthing damages for being libelled, and Judge Huddleston, to show that he was in perfect sympathy with the infamous verdict, decreed that this verdict should not carry costs. Any English Judge and jury would to-morrow repeat the offence, and the disgraceful verdict was capped and crowned by the fact that some so-called artists opened a subscription to pay the rich critic's costs, and the money was quickly subscribed.

For the time being Whistler was ruined; the house he had built was sold under the hammer; his furniture, works of art and belongings scattered to the winds amid the jeering of every English newspaper, from the *Times* up or down. Here was enough to destroy any man's temper and break any spirit. Whistler had such splendid courage that he received the blow smiling. He betook himself to Venice to produce another set of masterpieces, taking care first of all that his aged mother, even then in failing health, should be comfortably installed by the seaside till his return.

But the injustice and the wrong had their effect. Always combative, witty, and quick of speech, Whistler now became vindictive, bitter. He regarded all men as probable enemies; faced them with a smile, it is true, but the smile was that of the gladiator: he had been struck so often that he was now inclined to strike without provocation—the butterfly was transformed into a wasp. It is this lamentable change in the original genial nature of the man which the Pennells minimise, though it is of the utmost importance even in his artistic career, for they record the vital fact that while up to this moment his artistry and power were steadily increasing, both now suffered a check; his craft continued to grow but his power or his will to face a long and sustained effort was no longer what it had been; his greatest works were all completed before the trial in 1885. That is the typical tragedy of the artist's life; the blind public and their blinder guides go on jeering and defaming till the will to do great work faints and dies in him.

Great work costs an intensity of effort which the ordinary man cannot even imagine: the straining to perfectness demands at once the most sensitive impassioned nature, the coolest critical faculty and the most resolute will; all these contradictory qualities at highest tension are needed to produce a masterpiece, and even then the result is uncertain. Ruskin and the journalists sneered at Whistler and persecuted him, and though he faced them all gallantly they achieved their end and robbed humanity of the finest fruits of a great spirit.

The irony of it! It was England's chosen who did this foul work; the journalists alone would have been powerless; Whistler could have beaten ten thousand of them; but Ruskin was one of England's false gods; took himself for a judge of painting; he had fought for Turner in his youth; now in his old age, when practically insane, he attacked Whistler. Because he had always preached sex-morality England took him at his own valuation. There is no educated artistic opinion in England or Ruskin's idiotic vagaries as a critic would have robbed him of all authority before he was five-and-twenty. Englishmen paid for their idolatry of a man who was mentally afflicted by losing the best of Whistler, and

Whistler's best was far finer than anything Ruskin ever had to give. That is the tragedy of tragedies in life—the lower creature can kill the higher out of a good motive.

Of course Whistler should not have allowed himself to be beaten. But human strength has its limits. Like nearly all great artists, Whistler was very proud, thin-skinned, sensitive; yet he had to endure the shame and ignominy of bankruptcy at its worst. His mother, whom he adored, was aged and ill at the time, and died soon afterwards. The burden was more than he could bear; he fell away to bitterness, and failed perhaps to give us all his best. But his gift was superb, and the lesson of his life and fighting will not be lost. All original artists will have an easier time of it in England because of Whistler's noble achievement and the winged words with which he slew so many Philistines.

If any one wishes to come face to face with Whistler's soul and learn to appreciate his spirit, the deathless, intense striving which drove him all his life to higher accomplishment, let him read in this second volume the visit of the artist to Franz Hals's pictures at Haarlem. Whistler at the time was old and broken, had dragged himself indeed from a sick bed, yet once in the room face to face with the glorious pictures, his passionate enthusiasm conquered his bodily weakness. He got inside the rail of the gallery, mounted a chair—was not content till he could touch the very paint which the master had laid on his last canvases: "Look at the beautiful colour!" he cried in a most tender, caressing whisper; "look how those ribbons are put in . . . how he realised the character!"

And then, fiercely: "They say Hals was a drunkard, a coarse fellow; don't you believe it—they are the coarse fellows. Just imagine a drunkard doing these beautiful things!"

And then how he delighted in Rembrandt's "Father." " . . . The development of the artist," he said, "should be like Rembrandt's, continuous from work to work up to the end." What an enthusiastic, splendid spirit!

Think of what he said at the "complimentary dinner" of 1889, when Stuart Wortley and Edmund Yates praised him, and Sir W. Q. Orchardson (whose work he admired) spoke of him as "a true artist." The praise seemed to some of us at the time grudging, now it appears to every one meanly small, yet how the gleam of sunshine warmed Whistler! He spoke with intense feeling:—

We are all even too conscious that mine has hitherto, I fear, been the gentle answer that sometimes turneth not away wrath. . . . It has before now been borne in upon me that in surroundings of antagonism I may have wrapped myself, for protection, in a species of misunderstanding—as that other traveller drew closer about him the folds of his cloak the more bitterly the winds and the storm assailed him on his way. But, as with him, when the sun shone upon him in his path, his cloak fell from his shoulders; so I, in the warm glow of your friendship, throw from me all former disguise, and, making no further attempt to hide my true feeling, disclose to you my deep emotion at such unwonted testimony of affection and faith.

What a charming, loving soul!

I should like to tell much more about Whistler, to recount his mirth-moving jests and the happy words with which he scourged his incompetent critics and rivals. One of these days I shall give a portrait of him as I knew him; but here and now it seemed to me worth while just to indicate how this all-too-comprehensive book in two volumes of the Pennells should be compressed, so that what is personal and ephemeral in Whistler's life may be omitted and what is symbolic and eternal may be brought into clearer light. For only that which is universally true deserves enduring memory.

## REVIEWS

## JAPANESE BOOKS

*The Soul of the Far East.* By PERCIVAL LOWELL. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. net.)

*A Year of Japanese Epigrams.* Translated and Compiled by WILLIAM N. PORTER. With Illustrations by Kazunori Ishibashi. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)

*The Creed of Half Japan: Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism.* By ARTHUR LLOYD, M.A. Vol. I. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE warmly welcome a new illustrated edition of Professor Percival Lowell's "The Soul of the Far East," dealing in an inimitable way with Japanese individuality, imagination, family, religion, art, and language. It was one of the favourite books of Lafcadio Hearn, and considerably influenced his work on Japan. In a letter to Dr. G. M. Gould he writes:—

I have a book for you—an astounding book—a godlike book. But I want you to promise to read every word of it. Every word is dynamic. It is the finest book on the East ever written, and, though very small, contains more than all my library of Oriental books. . . . It will astound you like Schopenhauer, the same profundity and lucidity.

There is much more praise in a similar vein throughout Hearn's books and letters, and we may safely rely on his sound judgment. Though Hearn admired "The Soul of the Far East," he did not altogether agree with some of the author's theories, particularly in regard to the Japanese "genius of eclecticism." There is a wide gulf between these two writers. Professor Lowell is essentially critical, and in his "Occult Japan" he has written the most brilliant book on Shintōism, where penetrating research is combined with a humorous style full of subtle paradox. Hearn, who placed Professor Lowell in a niche far above him, admitted that he (Hearn) has been more successful, "because the merely critical mood will always be blind to the most vital side of any human question." Hearn was never blind to the human question, and he was above all things the interpreter of Japanese feeling. Any words of praise expressed after the glowing tribute of Lafcadio Hearn would be futile. "The Soul of the Far East" is a great book—sympathetic, tender, critical, a permanent contribution to our knowledge of Japan.

Mr. William N. Porter, in "A Year of Japanese Epigrams," has given us the most fascinating collection of Nippon's poetry we have ever seen. It contains the very best specimens of Japanese verse arranged under appropriate headings for every day in the year. Not all the poems will meet with the approval of the English reader. He may see, for instance, no fit theme for the poetry in a verse describing an icicle hanging on the Lord Buddha's nose; but for the most part the poems are exquisite vignettes, perfect impressionist poetry. How wonderfully descriptive and pathetic is the following:—

My body weak and frail  
Is weary, like a butterfly  
That struggles with the gale.

Here is a delicate Nature poem:—

Hark! The bell insects sing;  
Or can that music be the chime  
The tinkling dewdrops ring?

On page 64 Mr. Porter gives a poem of Chiyo thus:—

Autumn, and autumn skies!  
But where's my laddie, he who chased  
The fitting dragon-fly?

We do not like the use of the word "laddie." It strikes the wrong note and jars considerably. Miss Clara Walsh's translation—

How far, I wonder, did he stray,  
Chasing the burnished dragon-fly to-day?—

is far more appropriate. But Mr. Porter has as a rule translated with remarkable accuracy, and given us, in felicitous language, the spirit of the original. The volume contains an excellent introduction, copious notes, and a number of charming illustrations. We wish the book the success it so richly deserves, for in these poems is to be found the true essence of poetry, miniature sketches of the Japanese heart, of moonlight and pine trees, of the curl of a wave, of the snow of Fuji, and of the crimson glory of maple leaves.

Mr. Arthur Lloyd has already given us "Everyday Japan," a book which passed into a second and cheaper edition, because it gave a really good popular survey of that country and its people. In "The Creed of Half Japan" Mr. Lloyd has written a book of quite another order. He has laid aside popularity and all those bright pictorial impressions characteristic of his previous work, and has given us a scholarly account of Buddhism. This volume, which we understand is to be followed by others, does not begin with the introduction of Buddhism in Japan. Mr. Lloyd's idea has been to furnish us with an almost complete study of Buddhism in order that we may the more fully understand it as applied to Japan. He gives us a brief sketch of the life of Buddha. We find the great master troubled by dissensions among his disciples. Mr. Lloyd writes:—"He felt the dissensions among his disciples most keenly, and there were many moments when he sank into the lowest pit of despondency, and which his biographers have described as conflicts with the Evil One." But Buddha, in spite of his many difficulties, lived to be over eighty. The scene of his death is beautifully described in the "Sutra of the Great Decease." Thus Sir Edwin Arnold writes in "The Light of Asia":—

It fell  
The Buddha died, the great Tathāgato,  
Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all:  
And how a thousand thousand lakhs since then  
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went  
Unto NIRVĀNA, where the Silence lives.

Great religious teachers have never lived to see the full fruition of their teachings, and it was after the death of Buddha that the most significant expansion of Buddhism took place. Missionaries were sent to China; Korea borrowed the gentle teaching from the Celestial Kingdom, and in turn the Land of the Morning Calm handed on the way of peace to Japan. Buddhism in Japan had to contend with Shintōism, the national religion, and met with considerable opposition from ardent Shintōists. The then reigning Mikado rejected the Korean image of Buddha, but it was eagerly accepted by Soga-no-Iname, who turned his house into the first Buddhist temple in Japan. We have not space to describe the growth of the creed of half Japan. Buddhism was "the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up." It brought art and literature to Nippon, to say nothing of medicine and the artistic and symbolic arrangement of the garden. It brought an elaborate ritual, and gave Japan something better than the barren and unlovely Shintō temples, great buildings adorned with lacquer and made beautiful with exquisite carving. Buddhism gave Japan one of the most lovable divinities in any pantheon—Jizō, the God of children.

Mr. Lloyd discusses the various Buddhist sects in Japan, especially the Nichiren, giving in addition an interesting translation of the "Risshō Ankoku ron," which has not



hitherto appeared in any European language. Mr. Lloyd's book is particularly valuable in that he gives us more than one translation for the first time. We have found the poem "Namudaishi" extremely entertaining. It gives the life of the great saint Kōbō Daishi, that wonderful miracle-worker. We learn that while at prayer a star entered his mouth, and that he had only to spit at a dragon in order to kill it! But these things were as nothing compared with his skill in using the brush, for he could write letters upon the sky and upon running water. One of his dragon characters actually became a dragon, causing the water to roar and the sky to become a tangled web of lightning.

We have, perhaps, written sufficient to indicate the aim and scope of this book. If the promised volumes are up to the standard of the one before us, we shall have the fullest and most scholarly work devoted to the subject of Japanese Buddhism.\*

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

## MEDICAL SCIENCE

*Medical Science of To-Day.* By WILLMOTT EVANS, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s. net.)

MR. WILLMOTT EVANS states in his preface that his book is intended to lead the non-medical reader "to a higher estimation of the value of medical science in the State." We are of opinion that the estimation of the value is to be associated not only with the brilliant results achieved in a few cases of disease and injury, but also with the infinitely larger number of the latter where just as hard work is done, but with less success. It is to the loss of estimation of the value of the latter class of work that there is at present a fixed idea in the public mind—we are glad to think it is mainly amongst the less educated—that a grasp of the medical sciences is more or less a matter of common sense, and not one of acquired knowledge. We think that the primary object of any non-technical book on medical subjects should be to give to this class of reader an idea of the difficulties lying in the path of the medical man who has to diagnose, prevent, and treat disease, and of the great amount of research required to arrive at conclusions which, when seen in the right aspect, may appear obvious. For instance, the feeblest intellect at the present day could grasp the fact that there is a circulation of the blood; and yet this fact, which appears simple to us, required the very prolonged thought and research of masters of physiology.

So far, then, let it be accepted that an appreciation of the value of the work done in carrying on and advancing medical science is a thing to be desired. If this is part of the object of the work under consideration, we are of opinion that it is not attained, and for these reasons. It is necessary, in order to make the book interesting, to pick out the sensational features of medical science, such as the preventive work in malarial districts, the use of radium and the X-rays, and one or two examples of the more "showy" operations. We can state without fear of contradiction that these are not the real problems facing the medical man; they are each of them examples of the ideal in medicine. By this we mean that each one of them succeeds in the achievement of correct diagnosis and effective treatment without any great effort on the part of the practitioner. In some future age

perfection will extend to many classes of disease and injury; then the training of the medical student will grow less.

In the pre-anæsthetic days a surgeon had to know the relations of the bones of the foot to a nicety, so that he might amputate in as many seconds as it may take minutes now, when there is time to find one's way about at leisure. An understanding of the result of advances such as this has the effect of lowering one's estimation of the difficulties of the work of the medical profession. It is excellent as showing what has been done, but it does not show what has to be done. Mr. Willmott Evans has completely succeeded in the former of these objects, for he has made a judicious selection of subjects on which to write, and has described them in a most interesting way. But if one aims at giving the uninitiated an idea of the perplexities that may confront a practitioner—the problems that yet remain to be simplified—one should draw from the vast mass of non-popular medical science; by this we mean the methods of diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis that depend on the intelligence and knowledge of whoever has to deal with them.

Let us give an example of what is meant. A patient comes to a practitioner with supposed heart disease; the treatment and prognosis depend on several factors. It must be determined whether the trouble is actual disease or no. And if it is, what is its distribution, its severity, and, finally, what will be its progress? Now, to solve this problem there is required an intimate knowledge of the structure and action of the heart, an ability to interpret signs and symptoms, and an available memory of the probable course of the various heart lesions as described by text-books and observed in clinical work. How is the layman to realise the extent of thought through which the brain of the physician must run in order to arrive at a correct solution of the problem? He probably thinks—and his opinion will not be changed by this book—that one produces a stethoscope, listens with it, and is told, as it were, by a voice inside the patient, what is the matter, without the slightest effort of thought on one's own part.

Putting aside this point of contention, we can assure any one who has the slightest interest in medical science that he will be interested to the utmost if he reads this book. There is a most excellent chapter on immunity, and we think that the novice will be as much absorbed in its interest as is the pathologist who spends his life for its furtherance. Malaria, its cause and prevention, is extremely well dealt with, and so, too, is the history of anæsthetics, and also that of vaccination.

The subject of patent medicines is considered, and on this let us say a word. When will some one put before the public a concise and accurate comparison of patent cures and of the counterpart of each in legitimate medicine? The electric vibrator was widely used in suitable cases before Dr. Macaura blessed the world with his Pulsicon for the cure of all ills; so, too, faith-healing is used by every medical man, but not for the indiscriminate treatment of all types of illness. There may be a work of the nature we suggest, but the only one approaching it that we know of is a small book published by the British Medical Association, containing an analysis of many patent drugs. Mr. Willmott Evans will have interested and instructed many, but much remains to be done.

## THE SOUL OF THE SEA

*The Sea-Sphinx.* By MARSHALL N. GOOLD. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

THE spiritual interpretation of Nature is one of the notes of our later literature. The widest possible meaning must be attached to the word "spiritual" as here used, for this type

\*Since writing this review we much regret to hear of the death of the Rev. Arthur Lloyd. Students of Japan, as well as more desultory readers, have lost an able writer on things Nipponese. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to complete the work he was engaged upon.

of literature displays the world in the light of the whole inner life. This movement is possibly one outcome of the passing of the blatantly materialistic school of thinkers and writers. It allows room for the unexplained, for the mysterious and elusive in the scheme of things; nay, in some hands it makes these the very centre and heart of creation. The book now before us belongs to this order. It is a setting forth of the sea as beheld by a wealthy and sympathetic personality. We have here a complete exposition of the sea by this spiritual method. Almost every aspect of the ocean's manifold and infinite variety is made the text of a discourse well and eloquently preached:—

Out on the great many-voiced ocean, conscious of the greater unfathomed ocean of his being whose whispered secrets have long been voiced unheard, a man finds hints of true reincarnation. He comes to himself. He seems to make a fresh beginning. It may be, indeed it must be, that before long he will take up the old burden, forge new fetters; but there is a brief time in which he feels as if once and for all the burden of the past has fallen from his shoulders and his heart, the work and care and fret of human life, the errors of his years with all their bitter entail; that he is free as the wind that bloweth where it listeth, free as the angels of God are free.

For Mr. Goold the sea is the wide portal to all life's mysteries; he sees them not merely shadowed forth in it; he also gathers from it some hints as to how he is to regard them. No solution of these age-long problems comes to him, but a suggestiveness that is often better than a definite answer to life's questions. The absolutely definite solution of such difficulties would be only a temporary one, to be outgrown by succeeding ages.

Here we note that our author is no wailing pessimist, but a man full of courage and hope. Perhaps the darkest chapter in the book is that which deals with the sea-fog; yet it can end like this:—

Truly the fog is bitterness; but it does not endure. Onward into the unknown, shrouded by the mists! Over such bleak places one must go, making the position by dead-reckoning and the course by such instruments as lie to hand, till the sun and stars come back to the great good arch of the sky. The fog will yet lift, and the bewilderment will depart, and the sea reveal herself anew in clearness and beauty.

One likes to think that our literature is recovering from its pessimistic period, and that the call of hope and life may once again be heard.

In truly artistic fashion Mr. Goold manages to import into his work a high ethical suggestiveness of the truest kind—not a weak and maudlin moralising, but the strong, clear thinking of one whose soul is cleansed and enlarged by much fellowship with the greater aspects of Nature. There is design in this series of chapters, linking them together into a whole, for they begin with the sunny memories of childhood and the sea, advance to the strenuous days of youth and manhood, and plunge thenceforward ever deeper into life's mysteries and problems.

A word of praise must be added concerning the author's style. There is very little "preciosity" in it, and much that is precious in the true sense of the word. If readers are not already convinced in this matter by the previous quotations, we think that at any rate they will agree as to the strength and beauty of the following passage:—

The sere heart has no reverence and mysticisms. Only youth builds shrines, because it must—youth that has

remained from the first, or youth that has been renewed at the last. For sometimes it is only at the last that a man, world-weary, returns to his early wonder and awe. When the mysterious fact of Death at length becomes of personal import, he may begin to surmise that the universe is greater than he has accounted it. He must take thought again. Or it may be that Love comes, or Sorrow, a disturber shattering the trivial environment he has made his world. Doors are flung wide. The circling barriers of commonplace show bewildering rifts. Wisdom is become foolishness.

The sea, like Death and Love and Sorrow, like the silence of the stars and mountain solitudes and the mystery of forests, is ever a disturber to the dwellers in a small world.

We shall hope to see more of Mr. Goold's work.

## A TRAMP ACROSS SPAIN

*Four Months Afoot in Spain.* By HARRY A. FRANCK. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

To journey partly on foot and partly by third-class rail from Gibraltar to Bayonne, to live and spend money on bull-fights and other entertainments, and to occupy four months on the trip, all for an outlay of £16, is not within the powers of many men; but the author of "A Vagabond Journey Round the World" relates how it can be done, though possibly few would care or even be equal to the task.

We do not know how much George Borrow spent on his celebrated travels in the same country; but the writer has many of his characteristics, and the result gives us glimpses into the inner life of Spain far from the madding crowd (except for bull-fights). There is an utter absence of the information to be found in Baedeker and other books of travel published for the benefit of the well-to-do. No detailed descriptions of churches or museums are given; but a fuller knowledge of Spain from South to North, with its variants of language and custom, makes a book full of interest.

Travelling third-class on a German steamer to Gibraltar with a mixed crowd of Italians and nondescripts, we get a glimpse (quite sufficient) of a "tween-decks" journey. Not the Bristol Hotel but the Seaman's Institute was our traveller's resting-place in "Gib," to which he gives but short notice. A "rock lizard" is, however, scarcely so accurate a description of an inhabitant as "rock scorpion." He took a walk to Linen and on to Algeciras, then came back to Gibraltar for a two days' trip to Tangier, again third-class, at a cost of a peseta each way.

Tangier is described by comparison as a "faded segment of the swarming Arab world set aside to overawe European tourists." Ronda, walking by way of the railway, was the next objective, and the author well describes its unique position as an outlook of the world "crouching on the bold summit of a rock so mighty that one could easily fancy it the broken base of some pillar that once upheld the sky"—not a word too much. Ronda as the last foothold of the Moor reminds one of that charming book "Les derniers Abencerages."

The writer compares Andalusia to Asia Minor, one reason being the roads—or, rather, want of them—donkey roads or tracks taking their place. Boabdilla and Malaga were reached by train, and we have vivid descriptions of the



company and the railway methods in Spain. Granada, Jaen follow; but, as we mentioned in our opening, it is the life of the people, their amusements (principally bull-fights), and not the places, to which Mr. Franck devotes his book, and there is not a dull page of it. One advantage the author possessed was a knowledge of Spanish, which he wished to perfect; apparently he did so, although the vernacular varies as much as in other countries.

A general impression of the towns on the way to Madrid may be summed up in the words of Gautier: "Si la demeure des hommes est pauvre celle de Dieu est riche." It is not within the limits of a review to write at great length. We can only commend the book to those who would like to know something of the joy of travel, not on arriving, but in setting forth; and, as the author says, "Let a man wander into unknown lands smiling with summer, his journey's end little more than conjecture, his day of arrival a matter of indifference, and if he feel not then the joy of the open road, he may know for a certainty that he is a hug-the-hearth and no gipsy and a vagabond." This is the spirit of the book throughout.

The author has very broad, general views, and condemns in no measured terms the priests and the beggars they foster. Spain, he says, is a land of non-producers. "Shoot her priests and set her soldiers to work" is the road of redemption. She must cast off the burden of precedent and turn her officials to doing honestly with all their might what now they do with all their might dishonestly.

The Spanish journey ended on the northern frontier; then came a walk to Bordeaux, where a third-class ticket home to New York, *viâ* Cherbourg, finished this most interesting journey. The book is illustrated by photographs—not, we think, by the author. A last word: the next time Mr. Franck sets out on a thousand-mile walk he will doubtless start with a better pair of boots.

## THE EPISTLES OF HORACE

*The Letters of Horace for Modern Readers.* Edited by C. L. DANA and J. C. DANA. (The Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont. \$3.)

THERE is still, undoubtedly, room for a first-class prose translation of the Epistles of Horace. A prose translation of an ancient author should reproduce the meaning of the original in such a way as to enable the reader of the translation to receive as nearly as possible the exact impression intended to be and likely to be conveyed by the author of the original. A mere rendering of words from one language to another is no translation at all. Departure from the exact equivalent is often essential, and the school "crib" is consequently the most degraded and degrading phase of the translator's art. Upon the other hand it is apparent that too wide a departure connotes the importation of ideas alien to the author.

Judged from this point of view, the volume before us must be pronounced to have obtained a reasonable measure of success. At the same time we deplore the minor errors which here abound, such as the reduction of *sesterces* into terms of dollars. It is a little curious, too, that the translators, whilst erring, if at all, upon the side of faithfulness to the text, should occasionally depart so far therefrom as in their rendering of *nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati* into "We men to-day, we are born only to swell the census, and live only to consume what the earth provides!" which at best is an inferior paraphrase. Again, we fail to see the

justification for translating *sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis acescit* into "in an unclean pitcher sweet milk soon turns sour." But upon occasion the translators fall into the more serious error of failing altogether to convey the point made in the original. *Optat ephippia bos, piger optat arare caballus: quam scit uterque, libens, censebo, exerceat artem* loses all its force if translated, "the lazy farm-horse thinks he'd like to plough"—*caballus* meaning not a "farm-horse," but a "nag," or "pack-horse," and the point of the passage being that the nag would like to be a farm-horse.

We regret to say that we have found the book full of misprints and minor inaccuracies. "Gurrulus" for *garulus*, "plectunter" for *plectantur*, "orbis" for *orbe*, "invidia" for *invida*, "vertius" for *veritus*, "poetry" for property, "Tiber" for *Tibur* are a few examples which happened to catch our eye.

In a book of such pretensions defects of this sort are quite inexcusable and detract most seriously from the value of the whole work. When an edition is limited to five hundred copies, and is published at a price of three dollars, the purchaser is entitled to receive something approaching perfection of execution. Even in a school edition carelessness such as is displayed here would suffice to ban the work. With regard to the editor's views upon the scope of the Epistles we cannot but take exception to the arrogant and unscholarly tone of such passages as the following:—"Here is the picture of an amiable pagan striving earnestly to find out the meaning of life. His efforts are so persistent, so sincere, so full of art, but yet in such narrow range that they seem in a way pathetic. His views are to us now almost puerile in their simplicity."

Such criticism is as inopportune as it is unjust. Horace was not a "pagan," however amiable he may have been. Simplicity is never puerile. When it is the simplicity of Horace it epitomises the ripe philosophy of a sage and a poet. As to the Editor's hope of giving to the Letters "a certain modernity and life," their standpoint is essentially a wrong one. Horace was modern in every pore, and his epistles, above all things, hold up the mirror to the life of the society of his day. What Horace wrote of and for Rome was not written of or for London or New York.

For the same reason we regret the inclusion of the illustrations reproduced from the copper-plate engravings of Otto Venius, the spirit of which is absolutely alien to the Epistles. Thus to import mediævalism into an essentially classical atmosphere is disastrous. If at some future date the present editors determine to present in a similar form the remaining half of the original we can at least hope that the requisite degree of care will be expended upon the proof-sheets.

## AN AMERICAN CRITIC OF AMERICA

*Learning, and Other Essays.* By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. (Moffat, Yard and Co., New York. 5s. net.)

IT has been commonly reported of old time that America is divided into two parts—Boston, which is cultured, and the rest of America, which is not. We do not know whether Mr. Chapman is a Bostonian, but, unfortunately for the learned city, he makes no distinction, so it is to be presumed that she must take her chance with the rest of the country in this medicinal brew. We are not sure that Mr. Chapman will get much thanks for his pains either from Boston or, say, Chicago, but our impression is that he will not be greatly disturbed. He is certainly a very frank and courageous

critic, and there can be little doubt as to the worthiness of the ideals which inspire him. He is evidently a man of genuine culture himself, who has imbibed his own inspiration at classic sources. He is no carping critic either, but is sincerely solicitous for the national youth and its future. A patriotic American, he yet is entirely out of sympathy with the hustle and materialism of modern American life. "Business and uninspired science," he says, "in America dominate ruthlessly." The gritty creed of "Get on or get out" is enforced everywhere; even in their schools and colleges it is the prime instruction, and the colleges themselves are run first and foremost as business concerns:—

Our Universities are beginning to be run as business colleges. They advertise, they compete with each other, they pretend to give good value to their customers. They desire to increase their trade, they offer social advantages and business openings to their patrons. . . . This miscarriage of education has been developed and is being conducted by some of our greatest educators, through a perfectly unconscious adaptation of their own souls to the spirit of the age. The underlying philosophy of these men might be stated as follows:—"There is nothing in life nobler than for a man to improve his condition and the condition of his children. Learning is a means to this end." Such is the current American conception of education.

Men of learning, he asserts, are not wanted in American colleges. They are weeded out as undesirable. The educated man is looked upon as "the grain of sand in the college machine." But the educational aspect is only a phase of the question. America itself is crude and lacking in real culture. It is like "a just-grown man of good impulses who has lacked early advantages." And though the American tries to make up for his lack by acquisitive trips to Europe, he is still at a disadvantage:—

It is a curious thing that the American who comes into contact with the Old World exhibits two opposite faults: he is often too much impressed, and loses stamina, or he is too little impressed, and remains a barbarian.

The American who lives abroad is an intensely receptive being; but he has divorced himself from the struggles of a normal social existence, from communal life and duty. His love of the fine arts does not save him, but seems rather to enfeeble him the more.

This looks as if Mr. Chapman had the luckless American between the devil and the deep sea; but his own solution, of course, is to rectify the standard of culture and of education at home, to set young America at the feet of Gamaliel, and leave him to work out his own gradual but inevitable salvation.

Mr. Chapman is not entirely occupied with home problems. The volume contains a suggestive essay on "The Comic," one on "The Drama," and another on "The Æsthetic." In the latter he reminds us wholesomely that mere æsthetic appreciation divorced from the actual creative energy of art is an enervating, and may become a very decadent, thing. The volume indeed is rather curiously compacted, for it includes further a long and appreciative essay on "Doctor Howe," one with quite a theological flavour on "The Doctrine of Non-Resistance," and one or two very short pieces which have a distinctly piquant taste. That on "Norway," for instance, is a little unkind, and one on "Jesters," by which designation he means Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, whom he dislikes, is, in our opinion, rather unjust—at least to Mr. Chesterton. The pleasantest, and in many ways the best, essay in the book is one in which the author gives a very kindly and living sketch of his old schoolmaster, Dr. Coit.

## ADVANCE NIGERIA

*Nigeria: its Peoples and its Problems.* By E. D. MOREL.  
Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. MOREL has already made his mark in Central African literature by his work on the rubber slavery in the Congo basin, and with this book, devoted far more to the "problems" than to the "peoples" of the Niger territories, he adds more in value than in bulk to our knowledge of West Africa. Though humanitarian in principle, the book is free from that detestable narrowness of outlook which renders many humanitarian proposals incompatible with colonial progress; and, though on some few points the author enunciates theories and solutions which will evoke much adverse criticism, his work in the main bespeaks that first-hand experience of the problems of "the coast" and its hinterland, without which no man ought to suggest or speak.

British colonial history is spotted, as it were, with unwise orders and suggestions emanating from the Home Government, prompted by bodies or individuals devoid of actual knowledge of the situations which they have attempted to direct or control. One may quote as an instance from this book:—"Christian effort out here seems to me to have forgotten in many cases that Christ was the servant of the people, not their master. It is intolerant of native customs; native religions irritate it; native law it regards with contempt." The body religious would be furious—with some enlightened exceptions—at such a sentiment, and would condemn its author; but he is perfectly right. By means of missionary effort the body religious is seeking to Europeanise, as much as to Christianise, the West African native—to force on him in a generation or two the civilisation which Europe has taken twenty centuries to acquire. The result, to quote Mr. Morel again, is, "so far as Southern Nigeria is concerned, that the problem of the 'educated native,' and what his part is to be in the future of the country, arises and threatens already to become acute."

The problem is, in effect, that which has already become serious in the South African Colonies, that of denationalisation, and it is the greatest problem which the white races in Africa are called on to face. The solution proposed by Mr. Morel with regard to Nigeria—the time for its application to South Africa is already past—is both sane and simple. He recommends that the natives of the country be permitted to keep their country, and, under white guidance, to develop their own along their own lines. He realises the self-evident fact that the civilisation of the African races must be—as was ours—a matter of centuries rather than of years, and that the process of education must not be forced, lest we de-Africanise the African and produce a being with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither.

This production has already been accomplished farther south—the Rand hooligans and less-talked-of but equally unsavoury element among the "Cape boys" are witnesses to its accomplishment. Nigeria is, comparatively speaking, a new land; with an unfettered local administration, it may yet steer clear of the graver aspects of the native problem, and Mr. Morel has outlined a policy for the administration which has, at least, the merits of safety, and sure rather than rapid growth for this great colony.

Many other problems, of which space forbids mention, are dealt with in the book, and the "peoples," though described in somewhat statistical fashion, never fail to interest. The book is refreshingly deficient in superlatives, contains (especially in Part I.) a number of charming sketches of "things seen and felt," and on its more serious side commands attention by reason of the moderation and sincerity with which its author's views are expressed.



## FIVE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

*Pinocchio: the Tale of a Puppet.* By C. COLLODI. Translated from the Italian by M. A. MURRAY. Illustrated by Charles Folkard. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

*Sylvia's Travels.* By CONSTANCE ARMPFIELD. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s. net.)

*Two to Nowhere.* By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

*In a Royal Nursery.* By GERTRUDE HOLLIS. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

*Molly's Decision.* By L. E. TIDDEMAN. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

## PINOCCHIO

THE author has given the youthful public a delightful treat in presenting it with "Pinocchio." The unfortunate puppet's adventures until he becomes "a well-behaved little boy," and finds his old self lying discarded on a chain, are most amusing. At the same time the morals are praiseworthy, and many a naughty youngster would find, one would think, that his faults and Pinocchio's are no strangers to each other, and will be led, let us hope, to repentance! Altogether the book is charming, and the interest does not lull for a single instant.

## SYLVIA'S TRAVELS

A charming and amusing fantasy, delightfully and naturally written; worded, moreover, with a fragrance and charm all its own. The illustrations deserve especial commendation as being both pretty and quaint, and thoroughly in keeping with the book. Both "grown-ups" and young folk should appreciate this work.

## TWO TO NOWHERE

Mr. St. John Adcock's latest book is amusing in the extreme. The adventures of "Winks" in Part I., and her later experiences with Albert, Mr. Paddy, and Enery Chubb (of whom it is said: "If there's any place where Enery Chubb ain't wanted, that's the place he's bound to come shovin' his nose into") are most laughable.

## IN A ROYAL NURSERY

In this book the author, although seeming to tell the story of Moll Vernon, in reality gives us the romantic early history of the for the most part unlucky children of Charles I. Gertrude Hollis tells her tale well, and describes vividly the quaint and formal Court life of the times. It is a story to be recommended for the young folk, for, while appreciating the book for its own sake, they will gain much useful knowledge.

## MOLLY'S DECISION

A pretty and interesting story that should find a place on all girls' bookshelves.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Chats on Postage-Stamp.* By FRED J. MELVILLE. With Seventy-four Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

STAMP-COLLECTORS are already indebted to Mr. Melville for his work on their behalf, and with this volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's useful and entertaining "Chats" series their debt will be largely increased. The schoolboy, conning "sheets" from enterprising dealers and "changing" specimens of problematic value with his friends, does not always develop into the ardent and experienced adult philatelist; but when

he does, he begins to realise the possibilities, commercial as well as artistic, of the pursuit. As Mr. Melville says, in his preface:—

What shall it profit him if he collect many stamps, but never discovers their significance as factors in the rapid spread of civilisation in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? The true student of stamps will extract from them all that they have to teach; he will read from them the development of arts and manufactures, social, commercial, and political progress, and the rise and fall of nations.

Beginning with "The Genesis of the Post"—a most interesting chapter—the author goes on to give copious instructions and hints as to the formation of a collection that shall not only be a thing of beauty, but really a useful work of reference. He discusses "Forgeries, Fakes, and Fancies," gives particulars of famous collections, and does not omit the details of perforation, &c., which sometimes make all the difference in the value of a specimen. The whole book, in fact, with its numerous illustrations of excellent quality, is a *vade mecum* for stamp-collectors, even though their efforts may be but modest; we congratulate Mr. Melville on a remarkably good guide, which makes fascinating reading, and will beguile many people, we fancy, into hunting up the exercise-books that held the laborious and mixed gatherings of schoolboy days.

*L'Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle, d'après Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, &c.*  
By GILBERT CHINARD. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

M. GILBERT CHINARD has undertaken the task of elucidating the genesis and progress of "the noble savage" as an article of literature. The birth of this conception dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the feats of the early discoverers were fresh in men's minds, and when, in addition to the navigators themselves, a few of the aborigines they brought back with them were to be seen at fairs and jousts in Europe. M. Chinard rejects from his thesis the famous comparison by Tacitus of the Germans and Romans, justly considering this to be nothing more than a satirical exercise. He starts, as we have said, at the beginning of the century, and brings us down to Montaigne, for during this period the whole gamut of savage-worship was touched, and the way was prepared for its future arch-priests, Rousseau and Châteaubriand. The study has a general interest, for it vividly illustrates the process by which legends are formed. The great discoverers and the men of the Renaissance had not quite shut the doors of the Middle Ages. Fact and fable were hard to distinguish; a thing was true "because it was in a book." Mandeville and Marco Polo left their tradition, and were used to comment the new facts. Rabelais and Montaigne, untiring sappers of tradition though they were, could not part with some of the old baggage, the one impelled by his sense of literary value and the other by his interest in curiosities. The original view of the New World and its inhabitants must have been very curious, one writer, pointing out that the Indians had no intelligible religion, concludes that they were "plus tost épicuriens et stoiciens." European opinion about the aborigines soon divided itself into two conflicting views: most of the early voyagers considered them to be an inferior sort of beings, probably without souls, and the slave-trade at its inception barely evoked a protest. The real inventor of the "noble savage" was Ronsard, though the first prophet of the cult was Montaigne. The whole subject is interesting as showing the process of adaptation by which the human mind bent

itself to a new conception of the universe, and how the hypothesis of a period of transition generated the working theories of a much later day.

*Der Deutsche Lausbub in Amerika.* Erinnerungen und Eindrücke von ERWIN ROSEN. Erster Teil. (Robert Lutz, Stuttgart.)

HERR ROSEN has elsewhere recorded in English his experiences with the French foreign legion. In the present volume, which appears to be the first of a series, he tells of his adventures in America as a ne'er-do-weel (this approximately translates "Lausbub") expelled from the family circle at Munich. We gather that the adventures contain both fact and fiction, though the essential part of the book is composed of "choses vues." The fiction is supplied by the framework; the general arrangement and the division into chapters demand a certain economy of adventures, emotions and personages which make for art, and perhaps for the higher truth, but seem a little to impair the sense of actuality. The inevitable comparison is suggested with "Huckleberry Finn," and indeed there are many points in common between the adventures of the "deutsche Lausbub," or "Bruder Leichtfuss," as he is often called, and the burlesque Odyssey of Mark Twain. Where they part company is in their respective standpoints. In "Huckleberry Finn" the romance is the principal thing; the groundwork of fact is merely raw material. With Herr Rosen the order is, if we mistake not, reversed. Both books are largely concerned with tramping: the "Lausbub," in search of a vocation, becomes for a long time a railway tramp. He traverses the States from end to end as a stowaway in trains—not from the desire to get anywhere, but for the sheer delight of the illicit travel. He manages to impart the romance of this amusement, and he waxes quite eloquent in the course of some general remarks on railway tramping. Before and after these experiences, into which he had been seduced by some latter-day romantics of his own kidney, he fills various posts, as farm-hand, chemist's assistant, journalist, &c., and is never deterred by previous ignorance of the work. He is very informing on the German-American, and has an unbounded admiration for Kipling. We can recommend the book to all who have a catholic taste in travel and adventures.

*What Matters.* By the Author of "Honor's Patchwork" (MERCEDES MACANDREW). (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

WE confess the title of this volume piqued our curiosity. It seemed to hold all the essentials of a breakfast-table problem. It offered a nice question in accentuation. What Matters? *What Matters.* *What Matters!* We tried them all, judiciously; then we opened the book—and curiosity was sated. Miss Macandrew's interpretation, it appears, is "The Things that Matter," though for our part (after perusal) we should have taken it as a free rendering of *Je ne sais quoi*. We confess to the book's entertaining qualities up to a certain point. It affords such a delightful exposition of a certain type of feminine mind—perhaps we might almost venture to say the essential feminine mind—when it is trying to be "really serious." It is the portentous seriousness of the boudoir, or of those weighty exchanges of ideas when two dainty, sententious heads touch one another over the teacups.

Miss Macandrew must be in her way a very interesting, versatile and dilettante young lady; her conversation, we should imagine, is the most charming and vivacious chatter; but when she puts it in a book she is—oh, garrulous! And, if she will pardon us, her book accentuates

that initial problem of the title, so that we are constrained in the end to affix a query to it, whether she will or no. All sorts of things are here—Browning's poetry, a touching tale of one Simon, Madame Tussaud's, the statuary in the British Museum, the structure of Hebrew poetry, the delinquencies of a lady's tailor, some amateur theology—all in such bewildering and inconsequent succession that a mere man, accustomed to taking things more prosaically, is left wild-eyed and rumple-haired. We cannot presume to follow her into the rarefied air of her philosophy, but we like her best when she avows her antiquarian interest—"I love going back and back;" and we assent emphatically when she declares "The old Stoic philosophers were splendid"—are then almost tempted to a polite and admiring *tu quoque*. Rather fearful of particular criticism, we only venture to point in dumb inquiry to the word "hideousity"—but after all that is not, we suppose, a thing that matters.

There is but one serious apprehension that Miss Macandrew arouses in us. We do earnestly hope that she will never write her autobiography. Unfortunately she is just the sort of person who is likely to do so, for most of the dear people who leave that kind of legacy to literature have, like her, a very hazy idea of "What Matters."

*Canned Classics, and Other Verses.* By HARRY GRAHAM. (Mills and Boon. 3s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who week by week enjoy the verses of Mr. Harry Graham in the columns of the *Observer* will be glad to have the chance of reading the cream of his humorous work within the covers of this finely produced book, especially as a rich sauce of added wit is imparted by the illustrations by Mr. Lewis Baumer. Of the "Canned Classics"—famous novels "potted" in rhyme—we like best "Vanity Fair;" we give the first stanza as an example of its style:—

Miss Pinkerton of Hammersmith was noted far and wide  
As the head of a scholastic institution,  
Where the minds of English maidens were instructed and supplied  
With Geography and French and Elocution.  
They were taught to work at "samplers," to Recite, and  
Play the Harp,  
And do other things if possible more deadily;  
And among them dwelt that scapegrace Miss Rebecca  
(Becky) Sharp,  
And that angel Miss Amelia (Emmie) Sedley.

The rhymed version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is also excellent, but "Ivanhoe" is rather thin. In the second part of the book various semi-topical subjects and pegs on which to hang a waggish verse are treated with unfailing humour—not always with equally good effect, but always with taste and skill. There are a good many hearty laughs, and very many quiet smiles in this volume, and it should have a large sale.

*Manx Fairy Tales.* By SOPHIA MORRISON. (David Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT was with keen anticipation that we took up a book purporting to relate tales of mystery of that delightful island set so jauntily in the Irish Sea. It should surely be no difficult matter to collect legends, or, failing that, to invent stories of the vague and interesting inhabitants of the Isle of Man. In the present book Miss Morrison claims that "most of the stories are traditional, and have been handed down by word of mouth from father to son." If this be the case, possibly a further portion of the narrative may be



known to other members of the family, as several of the stories appear to be in a very unfinished state, while "The Lhondoo and the Ushag-Reaisht" and "Smereree" are hardly worth repeating. "The Making of Mann" and "The Coming of Saint Patrick" are fairly good legends, but there is not one in the whole book that in any way comes up to what we imagine a Manx story could be. Do the caves, the ports, such old-world places as Castletown, offer no possibilities of weird and entrancing descriptions, of mysteries hidden within the massive walls and along the rock-bound coast? Miss Morrison must search further and deeper if she wishes to produce a book worthy of the island of which, apparently, she is an inhabitant.

## FICTION

*A Likely Story.* By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WITH a finely-conceived "Apology in Confidence" at the close of this novel Mr. de Morgan takes the wind out of the sails of any reviewer who might feel inclined to "drop on him," and asserts that "A Likely Story" is "an honest, if a humble, attempt to satisfy all parties." It is Victorian, Italian, Bohemian, Pett Ridgian in places, and the general effect is somewhat patchy; in fact, shaking in our shoes at the prospect of the author's genial but thorough castigation, we venture to suggest that "An Unlikely Story" would be a more suitable title. Probably a good many reviewers will want to say this, but will be deterred by the thought that every other reviewer will say it. We therefore, with excellent daring and originality, put the suggestion forward.

Opening with a quarrel between an artist and his wife in a Chelsea studio—a quarrel induced by a slight misunderstanding over a grubby little Cockney servant, of whom we should imagine no wife could possibly be jealous, even in the most suspicious-looking circumstances—the story is "held up," as it were, by a garrulous picture, which is made to tell its history and the romantic events it has seen to a sleepy old gentleman in a library; for sixty pages this fresh interest intervenes. The picture takes the field again towards the end of the book; we do not complain of any lack of entertainment, but the theme of the story is so divided by this and by other scenes which do not run smoothly with it that the reader is bothered. The best part of the book describes the visit of the rebellious Mrs. Aitken, the artist's wife, to her aunt Priscilla. Aunt Priscy's dignified wranglings, her attitudes of superb superiority, are amusing in the extreme; she is a character quite worthy of those other books by Mr. de Morgan which we so immensely enjoyed and chuckled over, "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." The Bax family is another study which helps to carry the reader over those dull pages which we did not expect, but which are possibly the result of attempting "to satisfy all parties." On the whole, we hope that in his next novel Mr. de Morgan will abandon that vain endeavour, and write to please himself, regardless of the demands of the surly, discourteous reviewer whom he quotes with so much gusto in his "Apology." By so doing he will please better those of his readers whose verdict is worth consideration, and will undoubtedly achieve better results from the artistic point of view.

*Dan Russel the Fox.* By E. O. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

DAN RUSSEL is neither the hero of the "Canterbury Tales" nor Reynard, marauder of hen-roost and covert, who, having

despatched the grey goose, returns for the gander. Here he fulfils his destiny according to Providence and the huntsman, and in a desperate race to save his brush provides a glorious run—an hour crammed with vivid life in the negotiation of apparently impossible hills, the joys of flying fences and loosely-packed walls and breathless gallops across the greenest and softest turf in Ireland.

Seldom has a hunting morning been visualised with such spirit and *flair*; from start to finish we feel the mad delights of the chase. The authors have seized on the characteristics of an Irish sporting set, and framed their fine pen-pictures in a ripple of sparkling words; indeed, distinctive phrasing is a feature of the book, while the story is told with such facility of style, as to make it most delightful reading. Excuse might have been found for some exaggeration in the exploiting of the abundant humour, but a wise restraint has saved the reader from wading through a mass of dialectical gibberish such as many writers of Celtic stories would have us believe is the modern speech of Irish men and women of the educated classes. A thread of romance runs through the story, which is told in witty and brilliant dialogue, full of delicate subtleties which stipple in the excellent characterisation.

Katherine Rowan, the heroine, develops a passion for hunting, and rents a place in South Munster, with Mrs. Delanty, a widow of experience and an engaging Bohemian. Katherine, highly educated and studiously inclined, falls into a fury of love for John Michael, stepbrother of the M.F.H., a young man of primitive simplicity, who gives his soul to the chase and his heart to his dogs. John Michael's heart is worth winning, but he has a fervent terror of young and lovely maidens, and flies from them more effectually than Adonis from Venus. Katherine is a splendid girl, thoroughbred, brimful of courage, tenderness, and charm. It would appear that John Michael's shyness loses him her love; but the promising romance trails off, and we are left to guess.

The clever collaborators have accomplished what Ulick Adare, one of the characters in the book, pronounced impossible—they have written a sporting novel, sporting in more senses than one.

*Pollyooly.* By EDGAR JEPSON. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

THERE are many very pretty touches in this book of Mr. Edgar Jepson's. *Pollyooly*, the latest of Mr. Jepson's child creations, is an angelic-faced person of some twelve years of age. When we first meet *Pollyooly* she is in dire straits. Her sole mature relative, whose occupation as laundress in the Temple had supported the young heroine and her still younger brother, has died, and a few shillings only remain between the children and the much-dreaded workhouse. But *Pollyooly* is made of no common stuff. Determined to earn her own living, she assumes her dead relative's post, her employers being under the impression all the while that the latter's absence is only temporary. The fashion in which *Pollyooly* tides over her difficulties, and wins her employers' hearts when the time for the inevitable discovery comes is admirable. After this *Pollyooly's* wit secures her a never-failing prosperity, and an intermittent rain, not only of silver but of gold, sets in in a most satisfactory fashion, while the adventures in which she takes part are of a nature sufficient to turn the head of a person three times her age. But this youthful friend of all remains serenely unmoved throughout, even when the giddy vicissitudes of her career send her into ducal company as an equal. As we leave her, on the last page, there seems a strong probability that *Pollyooly* herself will wear strawberry leaves. From the point of view of probability the book, of course, will not bear too strict an investigation.

But probability is not essential in a story such as this, which, apart from the glamour of its incident, depends for its success upon some charmingly conceived character-studies.

*The Lifted Latch.* By GEORGE VANE. (John Lane. 6s.)

"THE LIFTED LATCH" is one of those stories in which the characters are always wondering how much somebody knows about somebody else's past. It has an attractively cosmopolitan setting, being enacted partly in Lisbon, partly in Geneva, partly in America, partly in London, and partly in Rome. Its most immediately fascinating character is the Duca di Trana, *alias* Don Fabbizio, an Italian nobleman with polar-blue eyes and an infinite knack of uttering remarks in a silken voice with a treacherous suavity. Competing strongly with him in the reader's affections is Manuel de Menezes, otherwise Owen Osmonde, who is that one absolutely indispensable item in modern fiction—an illegitimate child. Both of these gentlemen are in love with the daughter of the British Ambassador at Rome. Manuel has the advantage of youth and perhaps of personal charm, as he has raven locks and an aristocratic pallor, and is the image of a Greek god. He wins the lady's heart, but before he can declare his passion the Duca learns his particular secret—a little affair of a murder trial—and by threatening to disclose it compels the Ambassador's daughter to become engaged to him. In the end, however, the secret is disclosed at an awkward moment. This annoys the Duca, and he whips a revolver from his pocket with nearly fatal results to Manuel and quite fatal results to himself. On his deathbed he repents, and, learning that Manuel is his own son by the Ambassador's wife, leaves him his blessing and his fortune. "The Lifted Latch" is obviously pure melodrama, uncouth, exaggerated, and often ludicrous. But it is extremely well-written and put together, we may add, if it is wise in any way to commend a form of art which is inherently vicious.

*The Doll.* By VIOLET HUNT. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

At the beginning of "The Doll" we appear to be face to face with two very distinct types of women. There is Mrs. Hawtayne, a fascinating, wavering, charming and dependable creature, and Isabel Agate, her daughter, a brusque, hearty, downright maiden, who wears tailor-made skirts on all possible occasions, despises tea-gowns and intersperses her conversation with expressions redolent of the hunting-field. As the story unfolds, the personality of each of these two women seems gradually to assume a different form, until towards the end of the book Mrs. Hawtayne presents an unthought-of spirit of determination, while Isabel hesitates, vacillates, and would finally slink away altogether were it not for her now insistent parent. Of real sentiment there is but a very small amount. Mrs. Hawtayne was divorced from Isabel's father, although we are assured there were no real grounds for the charges brought against her. Failing to live peacefully with her first husband, she finds it equally impossible to bring any lasting happiness into the life of the man who endeavoured "to do the right thing by her." There are many scenes, explanations, threats of a second divorce, and in the end reconciliations, after which the doll—a horrible, dirty piece of rag tied round a stick, and much beloved by Master Hawtayne is burnt. We are led to infer that with the burning of this unsightly toy all dissension will end. Taking into consideration the selfish and somewhat heartless character of one of the principal parties concerned, we have our doubts with regard to this, but must allow the author to know best, and there let the matter rest.

## THE THEATRE

### "THE GLAD EYE" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

WEBSTER defines the word "farce" as follows:—"(*Fr. farcer*, to stuff.) Literally, that which is stuffed out with strong seasoning; hence, a play in which ridiculous qualities and actions are greatly exaggerated for the purpose of exciting laughter." When MM. Armont and Nancey wrote "*Le Zèbre*" they kept some such clear and scornful definition always before them, and they were rewarded by exciting louder laughter than had been heard in a Paris theatre for a considerable time. Its translation into English—wisely enough Mr. José G. Levy has made no mistaken effort to adapt it—evokes louder laughter than has ever been heard at the Globe Theatre. "The Glad Eye" is a slangy but expressive title. All the same, it might just as well have been called "The Slamming Door," "The Wild Rush," "The Shouting Gendarme," "The Gymnastic Husbands," "The Disappearing Wives," or "The Jumping Lights." "The Glad Eye" does not convey the character of the farce nearly so well as any one of these other titles, and not one of them has anything to do with the story. It does not matter, because the story has less to do with raising laughter than the greatly exaggerated actions of every man and woman in the cast.

We never remember to have seen anything like so much agility on any stage. Hardly for a single moment during the course of its three Acts does any one sit down. The two husbands rush up and down stairs, pounce on people who venture in and slap them all over, embrace their wives at lightning speed, run in and out of the room, ring bells every second, spring on the table, shout and pant for breath alternately; and when they cannot do any of these things in the direct line of the limelight, they wedge their heads between the rails of the gallery that runs at the back of the room, bob up from behind them like enthusiastic jacks-in-the-box and indulge in private wrestling-matches to keep themselves in training. This epidemic of extreme restlessness runs through every other member of the company. The two wives enter, take violent exercise, and go out again. They are never on the stage for more than three minutes. A would-be lover, made up to realise the English halfpenny comic paper's idea of a Frenchman, comes on at the trot, and finishes all his scenes at the double. Three gendarmes race on, tear upstairs, shout like American baseball enthusiasts, and one of them fires a pistol. Kiki, the midinette, trips and twirls and swings her legs, and throws her arms round people's necks and performs gymnastic feats with her eyes. An old man who believes in the occult waves his arms like a coastguard on signalling duty, and when it is vitally necessary that the company shall have forty seconds in which to gain breath for the next "scrum" some one turns off the lights.

The effect is not without a certain value. The audience is not permitted a moment's respite. It is kept incessantly on the *qui vive*. It is not allowed to lean back and yawn and look round the house and wonder if it is raining, as it has grown into the habit of doing from a long, brave, and persistent course of London theatres. It is, on the contrary, dazed and dazzled, constantly surprised into a new attention by a new noise, a new twist of plot, a new series of contortions. There is not a single witty line in all the dialogue, and hardly one that is really funny, although several would sound better in French, and there is not one genuinely excellent piece of acting in the play. The whole thing wins by its strong seasoning, its ridiculous qualities and actions, which are greatly exaggerated for the purpose of exciting laughter; it may, therefore, be called a good farce.

It was called "*Le Zèbre*" in the French because that is



the name of the balloon that belongs to the Comte de la Beuve, and round this airy thing the plot is built. It sails into the play in a very ingenious manner. Gaston Bocard, the most unfaithful husband that the brain of a playwright, even in France, has ever invented, is staying in the country with his friend Maurice Polignac. His wife, who not only knows his idiosyncrasies thoroughly, but is able to be one of the best-dressed women in Paris on the strength of them, is with him. Every time the flighty Gaston makes up a lie to leave her for several days she orders a new dress. At the moment she is particularly anxious to possess a beautiful set of furs, and so is waiting eagerly for the usual interview and the usual departure. The two husbands have developed a keen interest in ballooning, and Gaston has pretended to go with his friend Maurice to see him off on his various flights. Both men talk a good deal of their friend the Comte de la Beuve. Madame Bocard, although quite sure that Maurice goes ballooning, is equally certain that Gaston does not. It so happens that just when the apparently straightlaced Maurice has confided to Gaston that he has never met de la Beuve and has only used the balloon as an excuse to run into Paris to see Kiki, the Comte is announced. First sensation. He is, however, a very pleasant fellow, and laughs heartily when the truth is confided to him, and even promises to allow them to use his name and the name of his balloon as often as they like for a purpose that appeals to him as perfectly natural and charming. And so, in the highest spirits, the husbands say good-bye, promise to be very careful, and make for the station and for Paris. It is then that Madame Bocard, already beginning to feel the coveted furs about her shoulders, tells Madame Polignac of her suspicions, both as to Gaston and Maurice. Of course, Madame Maurice is angry and disbelieving. She is a dear little country mouse who adores her husband. "Very well, my dear," laughs Madame Bocard, "then you shall see. I have called in a detective, whose name is Tracassin, to shadow our delightful husbands, and you shall hear his report." She goes to the door and calls. Enter the "Comte de la Beuve." Second sensation. His report discloses the fact that the husbands never go near the balloon and have never met its owner. "I shall get those furs." Curtain.

It is not easy to see what is to follow. Already the authors have sprung two surprises. It is far more difficult to say what actually does follow, because all the rest of the play is a maze of quick movements. Two days later, so far as we could make out, the husbands return, find a telegram to say that Le Zèbre has not come down, and in their endeavour to escape from the house are prevented by at least a dozen ingenious devices. Hiding in the gallery, they see the arrival of the very Kiki with a box of expensive furs; they watch the would-be ardent lover, Floquet, attempting to make ardent love to Suzanne Polignac; they see Kiki exercising her charms upon the old man and his medium; they see her write a telegram to Maurice in Paris making an appointment for the next day; they creep down—for the hundredth time—to take money out of the safe that they have taken once and returned because Suzanne missed it and sent for the police; and just as they are going (another wild scuffle upstairs) in comes Madame Bocard, who suggests switching the electric current on the circuit of burglar alarms to door and windows. And then enter the police. In the wild typhoon of noise that follows the husbands take their chance of ringing bells and escape. The big-voiced gendarme fires; 'there is a cry. "Got him," says he. Curtain.

It is beyond us to tell everything that takes place in the last Act. Gaston was scraped by the bullet, and, as you will guess, he does not wish to sit down. Every one, as also you will guess, tries to make him do so. Utter joy of pit

and gallery. Both Comtes de la Beuve arrive, both husbands confess, both wives forgive, especially the wife who has obtained her furs. But the acting does not matter any more than the plot. The company is composed of athletes of both sexes, and the thing is positively thrown along. Mr. Laurence Grossmith and Mr. Marsh Allen tie. They are splendid runners and are in good form. Mr. Dagnall, if a little inaccurate, is more energetic than two coastguardsmen. Mr. Hatherton gives several excruciating exhibitions of contortion, and Mr. Bealby is ardent in record-breaking. Miss Anriol Lee, with no time to give her usual emulation of Mr. Martin Harvey, Miss Daisy Markham, flurried out of her peculiar sweetness, and Miss Ethel Dane, rushed into a hurried exhibition of making eyes, left no stone unturned. The scenery was excellent. The lights went out at a touch, and bells rang to the second. So hot, indeed, was the pace that Mr. Seymour Hicks himself would have been left half-way up the hill. It is an unpretentious, ingenious, breathless, amusing play—quite a good November affair.

#### "THE PLAYBOY" IN ENGLAND

HITHERTO "The Playboy of the Western World" has been confined to the Irish Players. In fact, the Irish Players have become identified with it; therefore its production for the first time by any other actors is significant. We have in these columns expressed the opinion more than once that of all playwrights of the first decade of this twentieth century probably J. M. Synge alone will rescue himself from oblivion. His plays from "The Shadow of the Glen" to the unfinished "Deirdre of the Sorrows" belong not to the theatre of yesterday or to-day, but to the drama of all time. Yet, admittedly, there are difficulties attendant in his case that cannot be said to prevail with regard to any other drama. There is the initial and profound difficulty of speech, the rich idiom that Synge took up and transmuted, as we hold, into a dramatic world-speech. It is saturated with the West of Ireland brogue; it is almost impossible for any one, however ill acquainted with the West of Ireland, to speak it without falling into the cadence and richness of the brogue. There is also the psychology, which it is not always easy for a Saxon to grasp; and there are other difficulties.

Yet, as we say, it had to pass into the larger repertory; and a distinction necessarily lay with whatever pioneer company undertook the task. For this reason it was with somewhat curious feelings that we made our way to Letchworth on hearing that the Dramatic Company of that Garden City proposed to give a short season of "The Playboy;" and it was with quite a thrill of surprise that we saw what was a highly reputable performance. The most noteworthy feature of it all was that it seemed to have been left to Letchworth to remedy all the faults that the Irish Players, under commercial advisers and with an unhappy hankering for popularity, have seen fit to introduce into "The Playboy" since Synge's death. When the Irish Players were last in London we noted that they had taken to playing that fine play as farce; and it was therefore with a start of pleasure that we saw the players at Letchworth interpret it correctly—not as farce, but as somewhat brackish comedy. Only once or twice did they cater for mere laughter; in the main they held resolutely to the stronger aspect of it, and seldom or never did they lose hold of their audience. We were informed that the majority of the audience would probably not have seen "The Playboy" before, even if they had heard of it, so that this is even more noteworthy a tribute.

Not that the performance was near being faultless; this was not to be expected. All the actors were amateurs, and

we should imagine that there had not been an over-abundance of rehearsals. Often the edges were very ragged, though continued acting may soon rectify this. There were also other faults of a permanent nature. Mr. Cubbon, for example, as Christy, spoke far too jerkily for the cadence of his sentences to reveal itself. This same fault marred Miss Andrews as Pegeen Mike; although it is but just to say that between them, particularly in the love passages in the second and third Acts, they frequently bettered the present holders of the parts elsewhere. Mr. Jack Dent missed some of his finest lines (a venal fault on a first night perhaps), and sometimes spoke too loudly for a small hall. Nevertheless, here again the major part of his interpretation was strong and wisely reserved. And in this regard Mr. Purdom (to whose initiative, we understand, the selection of the play was due) as Michael James was most noticeable. His part lends itself easily to caricature; this he restrained, though at the same time, and most lamentably, he did not at all rise to the requisite and due pitch of drunkenness! Mrs. Gossop was a very English Widow Quin—despite, or perhaps because of, the hard work she put into her part. Chiefly noticeable, however, was the frequent faultiness of an attempted brogue; and it was in this matter we chiefly valued Messrs. Donnelly and Kilkenny as Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell, the former of whom was one of the best individual successes of the play.

Yet it was not for any individual success we valued the performance. It was rather because we were in at the beginning of the "Playboy's" breaking away from its old moorings, and because at such an occasion we saw it return more to Synge's own conception of his play. It is understood that this Society is next to render Mr. Murray's "Birthright." Admirable!

## MUSIC

MRS. GAMP's golden rule, "Seek not to proticipate, but take 'em as they comes and as they goes," is one which may well be borne in mind at this moment, when those who interest themselves in such matters are ceaselessly asking the question, "Will Mr. Hammerstein's Opera be a success, or not?" Some are convinced that nothing is impossible to such an *entrepreneur*, a man so compelling in his power of will, so rarely endowed with genius for organisation. They think he has only to keep on insisting that his entertainments are worth visiting, and that Londoners will then submit to do what he tells them. Others are not so hopeful; they remind us that even Napoleon came to grief in the end, so that we should not argue too confidently from Mr. Hammerstein's undoubted force of character; that circumstances have often proved too difficult for the most skilful generals, and that the history of opera in London, from the eighteenth century onward, is one of little success and much failure. We will not venture to decide which of these two views is the more likely to prove the correct one. Like Mrs. Gamp, we shall decline to "proticipate;" but we can say, with all the sincerity and warmth of which we are capable, that we hope to see Mr. Hammerstein triumphant. We are not too much concerned with the motives which prompted him to choose London as the scene of his operatic campaign; we do not care whether his action springs from a disinterested desire to confer a benefit on Londoners, or whether he is merely athirst for glory and dividends; the fact that he has shown such courage, skill, and resolution is enough to make us admire the man and cordially wish him success.

There is a play-public here, but there has never been an opera-public as there is on the Continent, and it is hardly true to say that this is because London has never had a

proper opportunity of learning to love opera. There have been summer seasons and winter seasons; we have had Italian opera, and German, and English; there have been cheap prices as well as dear; baits of the most varied and attractive kind have been let down before the amateur, sometimes with success, sometimes without it. There has always been a great-singer public, and when it is pointed out, as an encouragement to Mr. Hammerstein, that Italian opera used to be given simultaneously at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, it must be remembered that there were many more great singers in those days than there are now. Could some of those "combination casts" (but that name was not thought of then) be presented now, a manager might ask five pounds for a stall and he would fill his theatre. Yet we never heard that Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson, or any other operatic manager found their business very profitable. Mr. Hammerstein must induce our London public to care for opera in general, as distinguished from Wagner's operas or from an operatic cast. It does not seem an easy matter. Do we flock continuously to see the greatest plays in the world—Shakespeare's, that is to say—at whatever theatre they are given, and without regard to the celebrity of the actors? We do not, although we do like plays and admit the supremacy of Shakespeare. How shall we then be educated into flocking night after night to see operas, which cannot always be Wagner's? Yes, Mr. Hammerstein has set himself a task of Hercules; but there does not seem any reason why it should be considered an impossible task if Londoners will but show a little generous spirit of co-operation, if they will say, "Here is a man who is undertaking a big thing which may turn out to be a delightful addition to the pleasure-places of our capital, let us help him, let us have a share in the work, that we may all enjoy the future results." He has many rivals. In the days when two opera-houses used to be open there were not nearly so many play-houses, and there were no music-halls which counted. To-day it is impossible to see all the plays we should like, and the easy comfort of the variety entertainment is very alluring. But let us give the new opera-house a really good chance, a fair trial, let us show interest in it, and see if we cannot bring ourselves to like what every other people in the world appears to like so much.

But Mr. Beecham tried the same thing; and did not succeed! That is no reason why some one else should not try. Besides, Mr. Beecham did not do it very well. Mr. Hammerstein may do it better. But it is unfair to Covent Garden, which has borne the burden and heat of the day! On the contrary, if a new interest is to be created in opera Covent Garden will reap abundant benefit. That London has not enough people to fill two opera-houses, if they want to hear operas, is absurd. When Boswell asked Dr. Johnson if the simultaneous publication of two Histories of Music was not unlucky, would they not hurt each other, the man of sense replied: "No; they will do good to one another. Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk will be made about the thing, and the books are sold." Let a talk be made about our two opera-houses, and then the seats will be sold.

It is said that Mr. Hammerstein is content to begin tentatively. He does not know exactly what kind of opera London loves. So he will present a variety and find out what is most popular. But we do not know which section of Londoners he hopes to influence. Does he wish to attract the fine ladies and those who like to be where the fine ladies go? Or does he invite the merely musical folk, of whatever rank? If the latter, we venture to think that the price of his seats is rather high, and his first venture—the "Quo Vadis?" of M. Nougés—is not an opera likely to impress musical people. Its music is poor, a sort of diluted



Massenet, and it must rely on its attraction as a spectacle—or perhaps on its pietistic appeal. A large number of mildly musical people used to take great delight in ballads which had an angel, an opened heaven, and if possible a dying child in them. These may exist still, and St. Peter and the Martyrs ought to be much to their taste. But we like to think that we are getting beyond that sort of thing, and should not be anxious for Mr. Hammerstein's success if we thought he meant to encourage a liking for works of the calibre of "Quo Vadis?" He mounted it very lavishly, and the singers were adequate. But he did much better with "Guillaume Tell," an opera in an old-fashioned mode, but one which no one need be ashamed to take pleasure in hearing. The scenery here was the least attractive part of the entertainment. We were glad of this. Orchestra and singers were alike excellent, and the performance reminded us of the level of ability reached at the Scala or at one of the best French opera-houses. M. Danse is a fine baritone, and young Mr. Harrold should develop into a tenor of high rank. If, as we were informed, he was singing in this opera for the first time, and in French for the first time, his performance was very remarkable. He has a fine voice, which will be better if he gets rid of the falsetto tone in its upper register. He phrases most intelligently, has command of both the lyric and the tragic note, and he acts naturally. Mr. Combe, as Gessler, made amends for the weakness he had shown as St. Peter, and M. Régis sang very pleasantly as Ruodi. All the ladies were good—Mlle. Fer as Mathilde, Mlle. Kerlene as Jemmy, and Mlle. Locke as Edwige.

The excellence of this performance was not sustained when we came to the production of "Norma." This opera has not often been heard in London since the days of Tietjens, and we were glad to renew acquaintance with a work associated with the great name of Pasta, and afterwards of Grisi, though unless a singer of their quality should arrive to undertake the part of the Priestess, it is not likely that "Norma" will regain its old position as a favourite. Mme. Vallandri, as Adalgisa, did the best work at the recent performance; her voice is charming when she refrains from forcing it. Mme. Catalan's voice is certainly fine, but even if we allow for her having been indisposed we cannot think that either as singer or actress she was competent to impress us in so difficult a part as Norma. Signor Ansaldi, the tenor, was good, but not first-rate. Mr. Henry Weldon, as Oroveso, used a fine voice very well.

The Opera House is comfortable enough, but from the stalls which are placed under the tier of boxes one does not hear to great advantage. We listened to one Act of "Guillaume Tell" from another part of the house, and were surprised at the revision which we had to make of our first impression of the singers.

## DELHI

### UNDER THE MOGULS

FROM the time of the madman Muhammad Tughlak (1351) there had been no real Empire of Delhi: the Central Government had little authority in outlying Provinces. Though Babar entered Delhi after Panipat, he resided mainly at Agra. Though Humayun reigned nominally from 1530 to 1556, he was constantly absent from his capital, Delhi, repressing revolts in the Provinces: he laid the first brick of the "old fort" known as Purana Kila, near modern Delhi, in 1534. When Sher Shah Sur, the Afghan, revolted in Bihar and pursued Humayun to Delhi in 1540, the latter passed through it in his flight, constrained to wander nearly sixteen years (1540-56) an exile from his kingdom, which was occupied temporarily by Sher

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Now that the acquisition of the Crystal Palace for National and Imperial purposes has been assured the proposition "that the Palace and grounds should constitute London's gift to the Empire, to be maintained at the expense and by the joint control of the Imperial and Dominion Parliaments for expositions of Empire in perpetuity," is receiving wide support, and the arguments for the scheme are compactly set forth in "Domes and Grounds of Empire," a pamphlet issued by Mr. W. A. Bayst.

Shah and his descendants. This usurper signalised his tenure of power (1540-45) by constructing, on the site of the historical Indrapat, the city called by his name, including the Purana Kila—of which he raised the walls—said to have been begun by Humayun. The façade of the mosque of Sher Shah, well restored, is described as being quite the most striking bit of coloured decoration at Delhi. Sher Shah was too deeply engaged in fighting to reside long at Delhi. One of his approaches is known as the Lal Darwaza, the red gate. The fortress of Selimgarh preserves the name of his son.

When Humayun regained Lahore, Agra, and Delhi in 1556, he lived chiefly at Delhi: there, six months after his return, he fell from the stairs leading to the top of the Sher Mandal, a library, and was killed. He had, it is said, paused on the steps, hearing the muezzin's call to prayer, and had seated himself: when, trying to rise, assisted by his staff, he slipped on the polished floor, and, there being only a low parapet, fell headlong over. Though Akbar early in his reign paid several visits to Delhi, where he had an escape from assassination, he moved the capital from Delhi to Agra: he and Jehangir usually resided at Agra, Lahore, and Ajmere; the heat of Agra, which he found intense, drove Shah Jehan to Delhi. From his time, except for brief periods, Delhi remained the headquarters of the Mogul Emperors, though Aurangzeb was absent from it for his last twenty-seven years, while campaigning in the Deccan, chiefly against the Mahrattas. Humayun's tomb, a square mausoleum, is situated about four miles from the Delhi gate of the city—a noble building and striking architectural monument, of red sandstone, with a dome of marble, in a large garden of terraces, the whole surrounded by an embattled wall, with towers, and four gateways. The great Akbar (1556-1605) and his son Jehangir (1605-1627) made so little of Delhi that its name is hardly mentioned in connection with their visits to it. Sir Thomas Roe, King James's Ambassador in 1615, was not received at Delhi.

Finch, the traveller, was probably the first European to see Delhi, in 1611. The German traveller Mandelslo, in 1638, visited Agra, not Delhi. He tells of the absolute autocracy of the Great Mogul and his officers. The dynasty attained its zenith of glory and magnificence under Shah Jehan (1627-58). This is not the place to describe his splendid buildings at Agra, the Palace, the Taj Mahal erected in honour of his deceased wife, and his other great works there. When he was building modern Delhi, and calling it Shahjehanabad, he first constructed the palace between 1633 and 1648, then the city walls, and the Jama Masjid, the whole being complete by 1650. He also reopened the Western Jumna Canal. The whole city extends  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along the river Jumna's bank. Bernier, the French physician, was in India probably from about 1657 to 1667, that is, chiefly in the reign of Aurangzeb. He fully describes Delhi in a long letter of 1663. There were a city, a square, and a palace. The city was little better than a camp. There were broad streets, lined with arcades and shops. The Rajput Princes mounted guard: horses were mustered and paraded, wares of all kinds were displayed for sale; mountebanks and jugglers performed to idle crowds; astrologers told fortunes to all-comers—they handled mathematical instruments, opened large books containing the signs of the zodiac, feigned to make calculations, and told fortunes for small charges. There were workshops for embroiderers, goldsmiths, painters, lacquer-joiners, turners, tailors, shoemakers, and dressmakers of every kind. The palace of Shah Jehan had a grand entrance guarded by two stone Rajputs mounted on stone elephants, showing the fact that the Mogul Court had become Hinduised: there were other Hinduistic tendencies, involving violations of the Koran. The famous Peacock throne, in a recess of the

audience-hall, was "so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours as to represent life." The whole palace was a Muhammadan paradise of pavilions, gardens, ladies, and Tartar guards, the nursery of every vice and crime that tainted Mogul rule. The throne was valued by Tavernier at 107 millions of rupees, and was carried off by Nadir Shah, the Persian, in 1739.

The following accounts of Shah Jehan's buildings at Delhi, quoted from the "Imperial Gazetteer," will sufficiently indicate their magnificence. The palace of Shah Jehan at Delhi, perhaps less picturesque and more sober in tone than that of Agra, has the advantage of being built on a more uniform plan, and by the most magnificent of the Royal builders of India. It forms a parallelogram, 1,600 feet east and west by 3,202 north and south, exclusive of the gateways. Passing the deeply recessed portal, a vaulted hall is entered, rising two storeys, 375 feet long, like the nave of a gigantic Gothic cathedral—"the noblest entrance," says Fergusson, "to any existing palace." Facing this entrance is the Naubat-Khana, or music-hall, and beyond is the great court of the palace, in the middle of which stands the Diwan-i-am, or "hall of public audience." Behind this again is a court, containing the Rang Mahal, or "painted chamber." North of this central range of buildings stands the Diwan-i-khas, or private audience hall, which forms "if not the most beautiful, certainly the most ornamental of all Shah Jehan's buildings." It overhangs the river, and nothing can exceed the delicacy of its inlaid work, or the poetry of its design. On the walls of this hall the famous inscription runs, "If there is a Paradise on the face of the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." South of the central range of buildings an area, measuring about 1,000 feet each way, was occupied by the harem and private apartments of the palace, covering, consequently, more than twice the area of the Escorial, or, in fact, of any palace in Europe. These—the harem, private courts and apartments—were swept away by the English in India to make way for a hideous British barrack, "a fearful piece of vandalism," not even a plan being preserved. The barrack might easily have been placed in some adjacent position, without this "deliberate act of unnecessary vandalism—most discreditable to all concerned in it," as Fergusson writes.

The buildings in the native city are chiefly of brick, well constructed and substantial. The smaller streets are narrow and tortuous, and in many cases end in *culs-de-sac*. On the other hand, no city in India has finer streets than the ten main thoroughfares of Delhi, thoroughly drained, metalled, and lighted. The principal thoroughfare, the Chandni Chowk, or "Silver Street," leads east from the Fort to the Lahore gate, three-quarters of a mile long, by 74 ft. broad. For most of its length a double row of trees runs down its centre on both sides of a raised path, which has taken the place of the masonry aqueduct that in former days conducted water from the canal into the palace. South of the Chandni Chowk is the Jama Masjid, or great mosque, standing out boldly from a small rocky rising ground. Begun by Shah Jehan in the fourth year of his reign and completed in the tenth, it still remains one of the finest buildings of its kind in India. For its construction 5,000 workmen were engaged for five years. The front courtyard, 450 ft. square, surrounded by a cloister open on both sides, is paved with granite inlaid with marble, and commands a view of the whole city. The mosque itself, a splendid structure, forming an oblong 261 ft. in length, is approached by a magnificent flight of stone steps. Three domes of white marble rise from its roof, with two tall and graceful minarets at the corners in front. The interior of the mosque is paved throughout



with white marble, and the walls and roof are lined with the same material. Two other mosques deserve a passing notice: the Kali Masjid, or black mosque, so called from the dark colour given to it by time, and supposed to have been built by one of the early Afghan Sovereigns, and the mosque of Roshan-ud-daula.

## IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I WISH I could put before men who have not seen that sight, the abrupt shock which the Northern eye receives when it first looks from some rampart of the Pyrenees upon the new deserts of Spain.

"Deserts" is a term at once too violent and too simple. The effect of that amazement is by no means the effect which follows from a similar vision of the Sahara from the red-burnt and precipitous rocks of Atlas; nor is it the effect which those stretches of white blinding sand give forth when, looking southward toward Mexico and the sun, a man shades his eyes to catch a distant mark of human habitation along some rare river of Arizona from the cliff edge of a cut tableland.

Corn grows in that new Spain beneath one: many towns stand founded there; Christian Churches are established; a human society stands firmly, though sparsely, set in that broad waste of land. But to the Northern eye first seeing it—nay, to a Northerner well acquainted with it, but returning to the renewal of so strange a vision—it is always a renewed perplexity how corn, how men, how worship, how society (as he has known them) can have found a place there; and that, although he knows that nowhere in Europe have the fundamental things of Europe been fought for harder and more steadfastly maintained than they have along this naked and burnt valley of the Ebro.

I will suppose the traveller to have made his way on foot from the boundaries of the Basque country, from the Peak of Anie, down through the high Pyrenean silences to those banks of Aragon where the river runs west between parallel ranges, each of which is a bastion of the main Pyrenean chain. I will suppose him to have crossed that roll of thick mud which the tumbling Aragon is in all these lower reaches, to have climbed the further range (which is called "The Mountains of Stone," or "The Mountains of the Rock"), and, coming upon its further southern slope, to see for the first time spread before him that vast extent of uniform dead-brown stretching through an air metallically clear to the tiny peaks far off on the horizon, which mark the springs of the Tagus. It is a characteristic of the stretched Spanish upland, from within sight of the Pyrenees to within sight of the Southern Sea, that it may thus be grasped in less than half a dozen views, wider than any views in Europe; and, partly from the height of that interior land, partly from the Iberian aridity of its earth, these views are as sharp in detail, as inhuman in their lack of distant veils and blues, as might be the landscapes of a dead world.

The traveller who should so have passed the high ridge and watershed of the Pyrenees, would have come down from the snows of the Anie through forests not indeed as plentiful as those of the French side, but still dignified by many and noble trees, and alive with cascading water. While he was yet crossing the awful barriers (one standing out parallel before the next) which guard the mountains on their Spainward fall, he would continuously have perceived, though set in dry, inhospitable soil, bushes and clumps of trees; something at times resembling his own Northern conception of pasture-land. The herbage upon which he would pitch his camp, the branches he would pick for

firewood, still, though sparse and Southern, would have reminded him of home.

But when he has come over the furthest of these parallel reaches, and sees at last the whole sweep of the Ebro country spread out before him, it is no longer so. His eye detects no trees, save that belt of green which accompanies the course of the river, no glint of water. Though human habitation is present in that landscape, it mixes, as it were, with the mud and the dust of the earth from which it rose; and, gazing at a distant clump in the plains beneath him, far off, the traveller asks himself doubtfully whether these hummocks are but small, abrupt, insignificant hills or a nest of the houses of men—things with histories.

For the rest all that immeasurable sweep of yellow-brown bare earth fills up whatever is not sky, and is contained or framed upon its final limit by mountains as severe as its own empty surface. Those far and dreadful hills are unrelieved by crag or wood or mist; they are a mere height, naked and unfruitful, running along wall-like and cutting off Aragon from the south and the old from the new Castille, save where the higher knot of the Moncayo stands tragic and enormous against the sky.

This experience of Spain, this first discovery of a thing so unexpected and so universally mis-stated by the pens of travellers and historians, is best seen in autumn sunsets, I think, when behind the mass of the distant mountains an angry sky lights up its unfruitful aspect of desolation, and, though lending it a colour it can never possess in commoner hours and seasons, in no way creates an illusion of fertility or of romance, of yield or of adventure, in that doomed silence.

The vision of which I speak does not, I know, convey this peculiar impression even to all of the few who may have seen it thus—and they are rare. They are rare because men do not now approach the old places of Europe in the old way. They come into a Spanish town of the north by those insufficient railways of our time. They return back home with no possession of great sights, no more memorable experience than of urban things done less natively, more awkwardly, more slowly than in England. Yet even those few, I say, who enter Spain from the north, as Spain should be entered—over the mountain roads—have not all of them received the impression of which I speak.

I have so received it, I know; I could wish that to the Northerner it were the impression most commonly conveyed: a marvel that men should live in such a place: a wonder when the ear catches the sound of a distant bell, that ritual and a creed should have survived there—so absolute is its message of desolation.

With a more familiar acquaintance this impression does not diminish, but increases. Especially to one who shall make his way painfully on foot for three long days from the mountains to the mountains again, who shall toil over the great bare plain, who shall cross by some bridge over Ebro and look down, it may be, at a trickle of water hardly moving in the midst of a broad, stony bed, or it may be at a turbid spate roaring a furlong broad after the rains—in either case unusable and utterly unfriendly to man; who shall hobble from little village to little village, despairing at the silence of men in that silent land and at their lack of smiles and at the something fixed which watches one from every wall; who shall push on over the slight wheel-tracks which pass for roads—they are not roads—across the infinite, unmarked, undifferentiated field; to one who has done all these things, I say, getting the land into his senses hourly, there comes an appreciation of its wilful silence and of its unaccomplished soul. That knowledge fascinates, and bids him return. It is like watching with the sick who once were thought dead, who are, in your night of watching, upon the turn of their evil. It is like those hours of the

night in which the mind of some troubled sleeper awakened can find neither repose nor variety, but only a perpetual return upon itself—but waits for dawn. Behind all this lies, as behind a veil of dryness stretched from the hills to the hills, for those who will discover it, the intense, the rich, the unconquerable spirit of Spain.

## HOME RULE AND COMMON SENSE

By PROFESSOR T. M. KETTLE

THE attempt to outline the case for Home Rule in two or three thousand words is plainly an adventure in the impossible. It might baffle even that American editor whose faculty of compression was such that he could enjoy Bacon's Essays only in a *précis*. What follows is therefore to be construed as a mere set of shorthand rubrics, each of which might be expanded into a book.

The Irish Home Rule cause is a chapter in the general history of freedom. Now, I do not say that you must, by a fundamental necessity, believe in freedom. That calls for a certain grace of temperament which is refused to many; and the contrary gospel, which teaches that the mass of humanity exists merely that it may be exploited by the elect, is widely preached, and even more widely practised. Its formula—the government of the people by the best people—resounds with a great wealth of harmonics through the pages of De Maistre, Carlyle, Renan, Nietzsche, and Mr. Leo Maxse. But the acceptance of freedom in that form of it which, through a long growth, has become co-identical with it—namely, representative government—is the Confession of Faith of modern democracy. And if you disbelieve in Home Rule you will find yourself drawn by the compulsion of your own logic into the fellowship of those who have apostatised from freedom in general.

Ireland is a nation with both will and power to insist on her nationality. This is the miraculous touch, the dream that comes through the multitude of business. The survival of an Irish people, and the survival in the mind of that people of a conscious and passionate national unity, must infect any impartial student of history with a sense of "queerness," "uncanniness." By all the rules of this earthy game of ours we ought to have been exterminated by Elizabeth; or displaced by the Plantations; or scattered in three impartial handfuls into Hell, Connaught, and the Barbadoes by Cromwell; or Protestantised by the Penal Laws; or starved out by landlordism; or anglicised by Archbishop Whately; or bought off by the Land Purchase Acts. In lieu of which the twentieth century finds us full of vitality, unshaken in the possession of our souls, and restored to the possession of our land. Where the American nation knew but one Valley Forge we have known a score; and, at the end of all, our stock and our ideals have triumphed in Ireland. Such a nationality needs must express itself in some form of political autonomy. Why, then, fight against Nature? Why be so foolish as to challenge the stars in their courses?

The inevitableness of nationality as a principle of political organisation is freely conceded everywhere else. When the editor of the "Cambridge Modern History" has to convey in a title the characteristic note of the nineteenth century he naturally calls his volume for that period "The Growth of Nationalities." Nationality has everywhere else survived the internationalism of Capital and the internationalism of Labour. The "cosmopolitan twaddle," to quote a phrase of Turgeneff which chattered round the dubious cradle of Free Trade does not now find many echoes. It is realised that if we are to have a cosmo-political system it must be

founded not on the suppression but on the recognition of nationality. Is Ireland not to profit by this wisdom, so painfully acquired?

The value to the world at large of a strong nationality is of the same order as that of a strong personality: it makes life more interesting. Literature, deprived of that freshening influence, becomes stale and dry to nausea. In Ireland we have the promise and potentiality of a great literature; but the seed, now blown about by the winds, can strike root only in a soil of national responsibility. Is life so interesting, is literature so rich, that the readers of a journal of culture like THE ACADEMY will consent to see such possibilities squandered in order that Dublin Castle may remain inviolate?

Every Imperialist is bound to be a Home Ruler, for Home Rule is the alpha and the omega of the British Empire.

Every respecter of colonial opinion is forced into the same lobby, for the colonies have all declared in favour of Irish Home Rule.

Everybody who cares for the integrity of Great Britain against foreign invasion is bound to abjure Unionism. The argument is obvious. Discontent at home is the best ally of the invader, and the Union has produced profound discontent in Ireland. Such is your own recognition of these facts that you have not dared to extend to this country the Volunteer organisation or the Territorial system. And suppose that a foreign enemy were to land in Bantry Bay to-morrow, what reason would I have, seeing that private property is now safe from confiscation, to shoulder a rifle against them? I have no flag, no Parliament, no Constitution, no tradition of freedom to fight for. Alter that, give us something to defend, and your side in any such conflict instantly becomes ours. Can you spare the best soldiers in the world in order to gratify old spites and superstitions?

Everybody who cares for the good government of England in time of peace is of necessity a Home Ruler. Your Parliament to-day is the jest and laughing-stock of the world. Session by session it is drifting farther away from its old anchorage in the confidence of its own people. And why? Because it has become a sham, because it pretends to discuss a mass of business which, as everybody knows, it has no time to discuss. In a less complicated age it was possible for one man to be at once proprietor, editor, reporter, proof-reader, manager, foreman-compositor, and office-boy of a little country paper. The attitude of Parliament, as it now exists, resembles nothing so much as a claim advanced by a single man to be able to produce unaided, let us say, the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*. Devolution, the watchword of modern industrial organisation, must also become the watchword of modern politics. And devolution, as we were notified some years ago, is the Latin for Home Rule. If the Home Rule idea did not exist it would be necessary to invent it in order to save representative institutions in England.

The present Government of Ireland, then, is a sin against freedom, a sin against democracy, a sin against nationality, a sin against literature, a sin against Imperialism, a sin against the safety of Great Britain in time of war, and against political realism in Great Britain in time of peace. There ought to be in this catalogue damnation enough to overwhelm even Dublin Castle. But we are bound to consider, at least very shortly, the reactions of the *régime* on the internal life of Ireland itself.

One of the most evil things about ruling a people in contravention of its will is that it costs so much. Tyranny is worse than a crime, and worse even than a blunder; it is a spendthrift extravagance. This truth of human nature is written in large letters over the map of Irish Administration. No one knows precisely what the overplus of officials amounts to. There are 4,397 of them above the income-tax line in Ireland, as against 944 in Scotland, the gross salaries being



£1,441,131 and £319,237 respectively. One readily admits that the State undertakes functions in one country which it is not asked to undertake in the other. But the gulf is too wide to be bridged by this explanation. The true explanation lies in what is called "administrative uniformity," a species of black magic introduced into this country by the Union. The requirements of this strange cult prescribe that Connemara is to keep house on the same scale as Mayfair. Ireland is to cut her coat according to the cloth which England possesses.

The result is that official salaries in Ireland are frantically out of scale. This is costly, but it breeds evils still worse: the disproportion between Civil Service and business incomes afflicts Ireland with a veritable paralysis of snobbery. Comparisons between countries of different social and economic habits are apt to be misleading; but, speaking with this reserve, I should say that the Government of Ireland is the most expensive and the least efficient in Europe. On such a point personal experience strikes home more effectively than any column of statistics. Certainly I shall never forget the suave incredulity with which a Belgian lawyer, who had shown me through the Palais de Justice at Brussels, received the information that our Irish Lord Chief Justice is paid 125,000 francs a year. For the rest of the evening he was unable to call me anything except M. Munchausen. He would say to his friends as we sat in a *café*: "Ah! but this is magnificent. Did you know that the late regretted Baron left a family?" The situation is not without its humour, a somewhat fantastic humour which consists in heaping on Ireland a colossal burden of over-paid officials and harmful, unnecessary police, and then writing manifestoes on the "financial difficulties of Home Rule."

Now, Home Rule is the only cure for this disease. Only by giving Ireland the right of fixing her own scale of expenditure, and the responsibility of raising her own revenue, can you restore the balance of health to her finances.

The other capital sin of Dublin Castle is that it is a bureaucracy which has seized upon the estate of the people. In Great Britain the nation is in the saddle, or at all events it was in the saddle so long as Parliament was adequate to its task. In Ireland, the nation, under the Dublin Castle régime, has had as much to say to its own public policy as a Durbar elephant has to say to the future of India. There is just this difference in favour of the elephant: he has not to pay for the embroidered palanquins and the prodding-poles of his riders. Having borrowed one image from the East, I may as well borrow another. The Home Rule agitation is the revolt of the people against the Manchus and the mandarins.

As for the material interests which the Union has injured, I cannot attempt even a bare catalogue. It stripped us of capital. It debased the currency of education. It muddled transportation and Poor-law. It created an absurd standing army of police to maintain an indefensible system of landlordism. It imposed on us a Protestant State Church, until the offence smelt so rankly to heaven that mere political hygiene compelled its removal. In fact it had a quality in it like that of—is it?—Valentine in "Faust," the quality of withering everything it touched.

Will this generation of English statesmanship rise to the height of a drama, so tremendous in its origins and its issues? I do not know. The passion of Gladstone lies extinct under cold ashes; and the touch of greatness, without which great questions are not to be solved, may be lacking. But, on the other hand, the anti-Irish frenzy of twenty years ago is also dead. Looked at in the uncoloured light of reason, the cause of Home Rule is seen to be so intimately bound up with every interest which wise Englishmen ought to cherish that Ireland is entitled to mingle her anticipations with her hopes.

## THE LONDON INSTITUTION

On Thursday, November 16th, Mr. W. Wooding Starmer, F.R.A.M., gave an interesting discourse on "Bells and their Harmonic Tones," illustrated and elucidated by many pictures and diagrams. The lecturer went deeply into the history of bells, and described some well-known examples, with their ornamentation and inscriptions. We could have wished for less of the information about the history, mottoes, and manner of casting of bells—which is, of course, fairly accessible to all—and more about the complex and fascinating question of harmonics. In the concluding quarter of an hour, however, Mr. Starmer to some extent mitigated our disappointment by giving diagrams of the various chords, true and false in their harmony, sounded by notable bells, and proving by means of tuning-forks and actual bells the existence of these subtle tones.

"Man Under the Microscope" is the title of the lecture to be given by Mr. Alexander Hill, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S., on Monday next, at five o'clock, and "Storm Rains" is the subject to be dealt with on Thursday, at six, by Mr. H. R. Mill, D.Sc., LL.D.

## THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the Philological Society for this Session was held on Friday evening at University College. Dr. W. A. Craigie, President of the Society, read a paper on the S- words which he is editing for the Society's dictionary. He also called attention to the progress which was being made with dictionaries and glossaries of various Germanic dialects.

The Dictionary of modern West Frisian, which has been in progress for a considerable number of years, has now been finished. The Dictionary proper fills three volumes, with a fourth volume of Frisian personal and place names, and extends to about two thousand double-columned pages.

In 1896 an English-Icelandic Dictionary was published in Reykjavik by G. T. Zoega; a second edition has now appeared, considerably larger than the first; it contains 550 pages closely printed. For the student of Icelandic (even of Old Icelandic) it is very instructive to look over this work and note the Icelandic words which are used to render the English ones.

The investigation into the present vocabulary and pronunciation of the Scottish dialects, which has been started by Mr. W. Grant, of Aberdeen, is making steady progress, and a large quantity of new material is gradually being collected. Mr. Grant himself has just issued a list of peculiar words collected from the fishers of Cromarty. Some of these are very interesting and some mysterious, such as the names of the different lines and nets.

Dr. Craigie then dealt with various interesting words—for example, "slew" (older form, slue), "slick" (sleek), which was common in the old dialects; "slim," reintroduced in 1899 as a literary word (although it had been adopted from Dutch in the seventeenth century, and still remained in dialect); "sleigh," from the Old Dutch "slede," "sled," from the Dutch "slede," and "sledge," from the Frisian "slede"; "sleight" and "sloyd," derived from the same Scandinavian root, but introduced into our language at different periods of history; "sleuth," probably connected with the Scandinavian "slöth." Dr. Craigie also pointed out the importance of a close study of the various Scandinavian dialects to arrive at the true origin of many English words, giving as an instance that the Scandinavian form of

the English word "boulder" (buldr) exists only in the island of Gottland.

The thanks of the meeting were voted to Dr. Craigie for his most interesting paper.

## SHAKESPEARE AND HIS LOVE

AFTER Professor Henri Bergson, Mr. Frank Harris. The wonderful success of the recent lectures given by the celebrated French philosopher during his London sojourn has made us almost question the tenets and foundations of his philosophic faith. It is not long since the drawing-rooms of society ladies were the happy hunting-grounds of the charlatan, and even genius is sometimes stunted and killed by excessive hero-worship. Mr. Harris must have a care! On Sunday last he lectured to a select company at Claridge's Hotel on "Shakespeare." Readers of his two books are familiar with his critical ability; to this was added an eloquence worthy of the theme. The critical and loving examination of the works of Shakespeare, the acceptance of the internal evidence of the plays, and the attempt to minimise the doubtful value of circumstantial evidence—these are well known as the buttresses of Mr. Harris' researches. His personal explanation at the commencement of the lecture was of great interest; he bewailed the fact that the habit of speaking was dropping out of life, and giving way to what he called "the impersonal privacy of print." The critics of the last century handled Shakespeare and his works as if they were so many mathematical symbols, but Mr. Harris has brought his sympathy to bear, and has endeavoured to re-create a man rather than a bony skeleton. The lecturer briefly outlined the evidence dealing with the youth of Stratford—his handsome bearing, his bonhomie, his "too great sweetness"—and then portrayed Shakespeare as a man and a lover. With regard to Shakespeare's love for Mary Fitton, he referred to the psychological evidence, remarking that "the artist finds it impossible to picture the soul of more than one woman." He might have gone further; he might have thanked Heaven that Shakespeare did desert his wife and travel to London.

Mr. Harris, in his peroration, referred to the worship of wealth and advertisement, and pictured the truly great ones of this world passing on unseen. "There is too great a worship of the false gods." The lecture was presided over by Lady Helmsley.

## IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### SIR EDWARD GREY AND HIS CRITICS

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George made his now remarkable speech alluding to Moroccan negotiations THE ACADEMY was the first of the London journals to draw attention to the extreme gravity of the crisis which had arisen in international affairs. "It may without exaggeration be said," we wrote, "that at no time in history were we nearer to a European conflagration than we are at present;" and again, "Germany will only be balked in her aggression when tangible evidences are forthcoming that the whole nation is determined that national honour shall be no party question. It is idle to say—it is, in fact, too late to say—that so soon as we are tested these evidences will not be lacking. The hour of the test is nigh. We have reached the crisis."

With the conclusion of the Moroccan negotiations between Germany and France the acuteness of the crisis has passed,

but it is evident from the outpouring of "revelations," some of which are officially sanctioned, that every word written in THE ACADEMY as far back as July 29th was fully justified. On the whole, British statesmanship has acquitted itself admirably, and the result is to be found in the undoubted fact that never was our prestige abroad higher than it stands at the present moment. In the attainment of this end both political parties merit congratulation. All differences were for the time being subordinated to the urgent needs of patriotism, and Germany, who counted not a little upon the advantage to be gained from internal dissension in England, found herself face to face with a united and determined nation, not wishing but ready to draw the sword. In a larger sense the outcome of the crisis is a triumph for the Triple Entente. In spite of repeated criticisms, mingled with malevolent mis-statements, we have always insisted that this compact was a living force, and have again and again prophesied that when put to the test it would exercise a determining voice in European diplomacy. Englishmen the world over must feel a sense of justifiable pride in that their country has proved so loyal a partner of France. It has been demonstrated in a very effective manner that the friendship of England is well worth having, and her hostility a thing not to be lightly incurred. We shall hear no more now of "perfidious Albion."

In certain quarters there has been an attempt, characterised by some vigour, to persuade public opinion that the obligations of the *Entente Cordiale* are altogether one-sided, and that, in short, any whim of French policy may plunge us headlong into a devastating conflict which might conceivably see the end of the British Empire. The critics who hold this view enjoy a mental vision that is bounded by Land's End. France certainly has secured substantial gains in Morocco. But the French are our intimate friends, and we must not forget that already they had given us a free hand in Egypt. The most important circumstance to be remembered is that we have ousted the Panther from its lair; or, in other words, that German designs to construct a war port on the Atlantic coast of Africa have been frustrated. This most desirable *fait accompli*, however, does not exhaust the utility of the *Entente Cordiale*. It represents of course the most recent, and therefore, in the public estimation, the most striking, of its achievements; but to sum up the real value of our friendship with France we must go back to a period before the Moroccan negotiations, and at the same time endeavour to appraise the extent of the influence it is likely to exert in the future. The *Entente Cordiale* led to the Triple Entente, and the Triple Entente is the only effective answer to the Triple Alliance. After many years of misunderstanding with Russia, during which we were frequently on the brink of war, friendship with that great Power was at last made possible through the medium of France. And what has the Triple Entente accomplished? will doubtless be asked. Leaving Morocco altogether out of the question, it has upheld its interest in all parts of the world. Solely through its agency the ambitious policy of Germany has been kept in check throughout Asia Minor. Persia has fallen to England and Russia, and Russia and Japan have been able to arrive at an agreement which has brought their relations into line with British policy. And finally, by the security which the Triple Entente has ensured for us in distant parts of the world, we have been enabled to concentrate our naval force in home waters.

Critics of our diplomacy habitually fall into the error of stating their case on some isolated incident, thus betraying their shallowness. For example, Morocco is the question in the forefront. Thereupon the "authorities" promptly purchase a gazetteer and a large-sized map of Morocco and study them closely from morning until night, forgetting all



the time that Morocco is only a part of Africa, and Africa only one quarter of the globe. Again diplomacy is constantly being worried by irresponsible idealists who would like to see the foreign policy of Great Britain conducted with an ingenuousness that would render it transparently stupid and, of course, in the long run, suicidal. Take the case of Persia, for instance. To all who are not mentally blind it is evident that Russia and England mean to establish a Protectorate in that region. The Persians have shown themselves to be utterly incapable of devising an efficient Administration. Our interests, commercial as well as strategical, clearly demand that together with Russia we should exercise a determining voice in the destinies of the country. The methods of Russia are doubtless provocative, but it must not be forgotten that they constitute a logical prelude to the inevitable division of Persia. Sir Edward Grey is hampered by a small coterie of well-intentioned Members of Parliament who have formed themselves into a Persia Committee, and who persist in telling the Foreign Secretary what he already knows—namely, that the policy of Great Britain and Russia in Persia is at variance with their pledges to maintain the integrity of the kingdom. As these pledges were only given by the one Power to the other in the form of the Anglo-Russian Convention, it is difficult to see how they can be prevented from breaking them as a consequence of mutual arrangement to do so. Whatever may be said for or against the legality or honesty of such conduct, it is plain that Sir Edward Grey cannot at the present stage reveal the ultimate gain which this conduct is devised to secure. He is therefore compelled to make the best defence he can. This defence naturally fails to satisfy the Persia Committee and Mr. Shuster, the vigorous American whose "cowboy" diplomacy is an interesting diversion in Persian politics. Sir Edward Grey himself knows that his defence is inadequate. But surely, as a Minister responsible for British interests the world over, he must regard Mr. Shuster and his English friends as incorrigible nuisances. The same may also be said of the angry humanitarians who would have us wage savage war upon Italy because of her treatment of the Arabs.

Sir Edward Grey will make a statement in Parliament on Monday, but he will omit the most important aspect of foreign affairs as they are developing to-day. If he refers to Persia, it will only be to conceal the truth behind pleasant platitudes. In regard to China he will express in facile generalities the pious hope that everything will go well with that ancient land. He will not say, however, that Japan and Russia have arrived at an understanding to annex Manchuria. Perhaps he has at present no official information on the subject; and he cannot, of course, reveal all that comes to his knowledge unofficially—a Foreign Minister obviously would not be guilty of circulating gossip.

### MOTOR MATTERS

THERE has been so much discussion regarding the "invasion" of this country by American motor-cars, and in many quarters so much apprehension as to the effect of American competition upon the British industry, that it is particularly interesting to note the impressions made upon the minds of the representative American motor-engineers who have just completed a tour of inspection of some of the most important car-manufacturing works in the Midlands. These included the factories of the Humber, the Daimler, the Rudge-Whitworth, and the Wolseley companies, and, after a close inspection of every department, the visitors expressed their frank astonishment at the excellence of the organisation and the up-to-dateness of the construction in each case. They admitted that, although there were bigger factories in the

## That £1,000 CHALLENGE

### The Victory of the Victor Tyre.

For several months our Challenge to the Tyre manufacturers has been issued.

We invited them to a 10,000-mile test under R.A.C. auspices to prove which was the best tyre.

The Tyre manufacturers preserved a discreet silence.

We therefore named the three most prominent names—Michelin, Dunlop, and Continental.

We challenged them in £1,000 to better the performance of the Victor Tyre.

The idea was to demonstrate that the Victor Tyre, although new, was better than the best old tyre.

The three firms named have declined to take up the challenge.

The "Dauntless Three" alleged best tyres are daunted. Why?

The motorist will, we think, appreciate the reason.

They will know we could not afford to risk the contest if the Victor Tyre was not substantially better.

But they shall yet have the evidence of a test.

We therefore withdraw our challenge, and shall later submit the testing to a responsible authority.

Meanwhile, we claim that the Victor Tyre is the Best Tyre.

Any motorist can prove it will give more miles and less trouble per sovereign of expenditure than any other tyre.

We appeal for a test on the hardest-worked driving wheel against any other tyre on the second driving wheel.

#### MOTORING ECONOMY.

Last week we published a letter proving that Victor Retreads give 8,000 miles for £3. Concerning Victor Vests (which line and reinforce the whole cover, preventing bursts and punctures, and giving a running life to the last shred of an old tyre), W. B. & Co., 4-8, Temple Court, Liverpool, write that so far a Victor Vest, in a practically scrapped cover, has run 4,500 miles and is still running. During the time of its use the tube has only been pumped up once.

Our offer of a 33½ per cent. off list prices for Victor Tyres has now only a few days to run. The £2,000 which we were prepared to lose upon actual cost of production is almost exhausted. Early application for tyres at this special price is therefore necessary.

## Challenge Rubber Mills

Eagle Wharf Road, LONDON, N.

(OFF CITY ROAD).

Telephone: 3497 NORTH.

West-end Showrooms:

218, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.

United States, there were none so complete, or in which such careful work was carried out. The two things which impressed them most were the great care taken to ensure absolute accuracy in every detail of engine and chassis construction, and the extent to which the tastes and special requirements of the buyer are consulted in the matter of body-building. In America even the high-class manufacturer allows no latitude in this respect to the customer, who must either take the complete car as it is or go without it, whereas here he has a practically unlimited choice of colouring, upholstery, and accommodation.

At the luncheon which followed the visit to the works of the Wolseley Company one of the British speakers accurately, if somewhat unkindly, summed up the position by remarking that quality was our wall of protection against American competition. "Thanks largely to the Press," he said, "we have a most critical public—a public which has been educated to insist upon the very best workmanship. We are not inclined to look upon the cheap American motor-car as a motor-car at all, but merely as a glorified perambulator. We have the satisfaction of knowing that to turn out cars as good as those produced in England costs you just as much as it does us." Herein lies the crux of the whole question. The undoubted advantage derived by the Americans from the larger scale on which they are able to manufacture is counterbalanced by the much higher cost of the skilled labour which is essential in the production of the car which is worth calling a car, and for "glorified perambulators" there can be no permanent market in this country. In fact it could be seriously contended that the influx of cheap American cars into this country will prove to have been a blessing in disguise to the British maker by leading to comparisons which can only prove of benefit to the latter.

On the occasion of the visit of the Americans to the Rudge-Whitworth factory some interesting tests were carried out to demonstrate the superior strength of wire wheels over those of the conventional wood artillery type, and the greater capacity of the former to withstand sudden and violent road shocks. The tests consisted of subjecting each wheel to a similar series of blows from a pendulum, the top of which weighed about a quarter of a ton, and the result was that the final blow smashed the artillery wheel entirely, leaving a permanent rim deflection of 6·64 inches, whilst the wire wheel after the concluding blow showed a rim deflection of 1·12 inches only, no spokes in the lower half being apparently affected at all. This seems to form a conclusive argument in favour of the advocates of the wire-wheel, among whom Mr. S. F. Edge, the pioneer in so many innovations in motor construction, has long been prominent.

Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, inform us that during the week preceding the opening of the recent Olympia Exhibition they received more definite orders from private purchasers than in any previous week in the history of the company, and that orders from agents were also well above the average. This is noteworthy, inasmuch as it has been for many years the regular custom of buyers to refuse to commit themselves to a selection for many weeks immediately prior to the Show. When pressed to buy, their attitude has been that of a determination to wait and see whether there would be anything better to be had at Olympia. The Rolls-Royce people, at any rate, can congratulate themselves on having secured in their own case a departure from this principle.

From the Temple Press, Ltd., comes a copy of the latest edition of that invaluable little handbook for the motorist, the "Motor Manual." The edition is the largest produced so far, consisting of 35,000 copies and bringing the total number of copies published to 200,000. In view of the notable advances which have been made during the last twelve months in such matters as transmission, change-speed gearing, ignition, tyres, detachable wheels, coach-work, springing, and electric-lighting, these subjects are now treated at considerably greater length. A portion of the book has been entirely rewritten, and many of the old illustrations have been re-drawn to render them more explicit, whilst a number of new ones have been added. From the most elementary explanations of the principles of the internal-combustion engine up to complete instructions as to the treatment of the car, the handy and popular little work constitutes a thoroughly reliable guide. It is written in the simplest possible language, unnecessary technicalities having been studiously avoided throughout, and for this reason it can be recommended as the ideal handbook for the novice in motoring matters. As an instructive and interesting review of the latest developments in cars, engines, and accessories, it also forms a desirable acquisition for the experienced motorist. The price is 1s. 6d. net, or post-free from the publishers 1s. 9d.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NINETEEN-DAY accounts are always disagreeable things, and the account that ends next Wednesday looks like being a very dull affair. Business, which opened moderately well, has died down to nothing, and prices which looked like holding have sagged away. Perhaps the public are tired, but it would seem that they are also nervous. They do not like these perpetual scares that are being got up by the newspapers. It disturbs the saving man to be always reminded that there is war in the air. No sane person believes that we were on the verge of an English and German war last July. Our ordinary common sense tells us that the preparations of which we now hear so much, and of which most well-informed people were cognisant, were merely preparations such as are entered into by all States when difficult negotiations are pending. The Germans made a diplomatic *faux pas* when they sent a warship to Morocco; but they had not the slightest intention of going to war, and they have come out of the bargain a great deal richer than they were a few months ago. Therefore, having obtained nearly all they wanted, they were hardly likely to fight. All this newspaper talk after the event upsets the City. The incident is at an end, and there is now nothing on the horizon that need discourage us except the Italian and Turkish trouble and the Chinese trouble. Neither of these should turn out seriously if carefully handled.

If all the Powers informed Italy that she must keep her promise and confine the war to Africa it might cost her a little more money in the end, but it would save serious complications. If the American, German, French, and English groups are willing to advance China the money to meet the forthcoming coupons, here again there should be no trouble. These groups are now supporting the market. How much stock they have had to buy at top prices no one knows; probably not a large amount, and certainly it is split up amongst people whose credit is good and who are well able to hold Chinese bonds for an indefinite period. The Big Four would be very ill-advised if they allowed China to default, for a public default would probably produce a panic among the holders of Chinese securities, and it



might take a long time to regain the confidence of the investor. Therefore a loan to China would appear to be the only way out of the difficulty. It is necessary to warn Chinese investors to sell out now whilst the market is being supported, for it is quite unnecessary to run any risks in a matter like this. Advices from China would seem to show that there is very little chance of the Customs producing sufficient money to meet the charges on the debt. Trade has fallen away to nothing, and as trade decreases so does the income from imports and exports. The Chinese are perfectly honest, whether they be Imperialists or revolutionists, but they are now engaged in fighting, and, whether they like it or not, their trade suffers. Great Britain has lent some very large sums of money to China. The Chinese Loans in London were very cleverly handled by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank; but it is notorious that some of them were only subscribed to the extent of about 50 per cent. The system adopted by the banking group was to close the lists quickly, put the scrip to a premium, and unload afterwards; this is a much more profitable transaction to a big finance house than the mere issuing at a commission; but it necessitates a large capital and a big financial backing. The Hong Kong and Shanghai have always obtained all the necessary support for their financial operations; but they and their friends must be carrying very large blocks of Chinese bonds, and every week their stock must increase. Therefore it seems to me that they are so deeply involved that a fresh loan is an absolute necessity.

**MONEY.**—The Money Market remains uninteresting, and with the Bank Rate at 4 per cent. there is not much demand for accommodation. Business in all the capitals of Europe is dull, and the banks are not anxious to push for new trade. Unless political affairs change for the worse within the next month, we shall get a reduction in the Rate as soon as the New Year opens.

**CONSOLS.**—Consols keep firm. No doubt large bears were sold by people who were scared during the August troubles; now that those troubles have passed away these bears are buying back. This keeps the market steady. I should not be surprised to see Consols gradually go back to 80; but they are not likely to touch this figure this side of Christmas.

**FOREIGNERS.**—There has been nothing new in the Foreign Market, except a steady rise in Perus and the sharp rise in Tintos. Both of these bull campaigns are managed in Paris, where the speculators are very keen upon the copper position, which they think looks good, and they are talking Tintos to 75. They have already risen ten points in the past month.

**HOME RAILS.**—Apparently the British public still continues to be afraid of a coal strike, and it declines to do any business in the Home Railway Market. One by one the big companies are coming to the conclusion that they must convert their stock into bearer shares. It is of course impossible to calculate exactly how such a conversion would affect prices, but it seems to me that if all English railways were to convert to bearer they should automatically secure a five-point rise. This would mean an immense saving to the companies when they wanted fresh capital, because they could borrow more cheaply and would have many more markets at their disposal. It need not affect those who desire to hold registered stock, for they could still keep their names on the books of the railway company. But Continental purchasers cannot be induced to deal in anything but bearer securities. Why the railway companies should have held out so long it is impossible to say; it is so palpably to the interest of them all to be able to borrow money cheaply and to have a freemarket in Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, that I cannot imagine why the change has never taken place. The directors are opposed to the change because they are afraid that it would loosen their hold upon their positions. This is perfectly true. *Coups* are much more easily manipulated when shares are to bearer than when they are registered. They can be handled with secrecy, and a Board might easily find itself out of office. This weighs much more with directors than it ought, and after all a railway director is only like the rest of us—anxious to protect himself in every

way. But it may be safely stated that bonds and stock to bearer would be of inestimable advantage both to the companies and to the present shareholders, and the personal risk to directors less than they imagine.

**YANKEES.**—There is less doing in Yankees than a week or two back; all the best informed people are quite without any opinions worth having. New York houses say that on the whole they are inclined to be bullish; they think that we shall get a rise some time before Christmas, but candidly most of the houses are lukewarm, and all report an entire lack of trade. It looks very much as though Morgans were supporting Steels with the idea of gradually unloading; Unions also appear to be held up. Nothing new has happened during the past fortnight. Roosevelt seems to regret his attitude towards the big corporations, and apparently would like to be nominated as President. It is quite on the cards, however, that the next President will be a Democrat, though what his policy will be not even the best-informed politicians in the United States can say.

**RUBBER.**—Rubber remains one of the dullest markets in the whole Stock Exchange. The dealers still wait for the Malacca report, but they are chary of selling bears in view of the expressed determination to put them to 15; on many days hardly a bargain is done. The Shelford people propose to issue 11,500 shares at a premium of 15s. a share, and the shares will be issued at the rate of 177 of a new share for every old share. At one time it was decided to underwrite these new shares. But the feeling at the meetings held to discuss the purchase of the new estate was so unsatisfactory that the board decided to underwrite the whole issue with the Colonial Rubber and Produce Corporation at a commission of 1s. a share. It is very doubtful whether Shelford will gain anything by its new plantation. The best that can be said for the deal is that it will not cost the company much. Beau Séjour has made a profit of £1,175 in its first year. But its rubber cost no less than 2s. 10½d. a pound. Beau Séjour shares are not a particularly desirable holding. There are lawsuits going on, the preliminary expenses are very high, and Ceylon companies do not seem to be doing very well.

**OIL.**—The Oil Market has been completely idle for the whole week, and there is nothing to go for here, although it is said that Anglo Tereks are to be pushed up. There was quite a slump last week on the turning out of a big Glasgow holding, and Burmahs were offered all round. The failure of an unimportant Burmese bank that dabbled in oil shares was also a factor that made for weakness.

**KAFFIRS.**—The Kaffir market bore the report of the East Rand Commission very well. The Stock Exchange is cynical, and it does not view faked reports with the same horrified aspect as the outside world does. Nothing could be more damaging than this report. It has long been suspected that East Rand was nothing like such a good property as the directors declared it to be, and the report fully confirms this. What shareholders are now asking is, Are all the other reports of the Rand mining companies equally unreliable, and shall we suddenly discover that our most trusted company reports are faked in order to delude the public? A syndicate has been got up to bear City Deep, the idea being to send somebody out to Johannesburg to commence an action against the company on the ground that its titles are bad. This story has been about the City for the past four years. I had the opportunity of examining the papers just about the time of the Von Feltheim trial; but I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the claim; and I do not believe it possible that any Court would upset the decision of the High Court of Pretoria, which pronounced the titles perfectly valid and condemned the man who aspersed those titles to perpetual silence. City Deep is a good mine, but it is short of labour and power. If the bear syndicate succeed in getting the price a little lower, they should be a good purchase. This action might have been settled at any time for a few hundred pounds, but Wernher, Beit and Co. have always absolutely declined to have anything to do with the man who runs the agitation, and I cannot blame them.

**RHODESIANS.**—Nothing has happened in the Rhodesian

market except a little spurt in Surprise, which were pushed up to 25s. for no possible reason. At one time it was thought that the Willoughby people would bring out the Eileen Alannah; however, the market was not ripe, and the issue has been postponed. I believe the mine is a good one, but I think the terms on which it is to be offered are exorbitant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi pool in Amsterdam is not supporting its market, and Marconis have been weak. The 'bus people keep their market very steady, and we may say the same of the Cement crowd. The only thing doing in the Miscellaneous market has been the cheerful buying of all shipping shares; but these investments are only for those who understand them, and should not be touched by the outsider.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Colonel G. P. Ranken, in his article in the issue of THE ACADEMY of November 11th, on "The Future of the Territorial Force," paints a very gloomy picture. That serious steps must be taken at once if the Force is to justify its existence as a weapon of defence, no one who has studied the subject can deny; but no useful purpose is served by belittling the by no means inferior state of efficiency to which the Territorial Army has in four years attained, thanks to the keenness and energy of its officers and men, and of those who have sacrificed time and money to serve on the County Associations.

The emphasis laid by Colonel Ranken on the musketry returns of 1908 and 1909, when the Force was in its infancy and contained an enormous percentage of men who had never handled a rifle before, is hardly fair. His insistence on the deficiency of equipment and animals shows a limited acquaintance with the mobilisation arrangements of the Force and with the economical conditions under which it is administered. That all is as it should be I should be the last to admit, and I fully agree that some arrangement for supplying boots under contract instead of the present inadequate boot allowance should be made at once. But when Colonel Ranken says that "Transport, except for a few lorries, is non-existent—waggons and harness have still to be provided," he is at best only stating a half-truth. Most of the transport and supply columns in the country possess a certain number of serviceable G.S. waggons—in the Column to which I have the honour to belong we have eight, together with the regulation pattern harness. These are all that are necessary for drill and instructional purposes. Arrangements are made by commanding officers or by County Associations by which contractors' waggons are requisitioned on mobilisation or hired for camp, and these are equally suitable for use in this country. The new Government scheme of registration of motor-lorries, supplemented by arrangements made locally, promises to supply the necessary mechanical transport, of which the increased use, together with the recent efforts of the War Office in the direction of registration and provisional contracts made locally by units, will go far to simplify the problem of providing horses.

To provide all the necessary equipment and animals in time of peace would not only entail a vast original outlay and the locking up of an enormous amount of capital, but it would necessitate great expenditure on accommodation for storing and increased permanent staffs.

If all commanding officers have done their duty as well as in cases which come within my own knowledge there should be nothing as ludicrous as Colonel Ranken appears to suggest in the Territorial Army being "capable of taking the field with transport and all other necessary accessories," although Mr. Acland's statement that it could do so within forty-eight hours shows an optimism as unjustified and as harmful as the pessimism which I deprecate.

When Colonel Ranken observes that "we are informed that we have an expeditionary force of 70,000 men ready to leave our shores whenever required," one cannot help wondering whether the printer has been unkind in reducing his figures. Surely we can spare 70,000 men from our expeditionary force and still retain a force strong enough to "guard us while our Territorials are completing their training," if that were neces-

sary. The unfortunate statement attributed to Lord Haldane, that the Territorials would only be fit for service after six months' embodied training, may or may not have been uttered in the early stages of the scheme, but it is certain that, in view of the progress of the Force, no such view is now held by the Army Council.

Both Mr. Turner (in his admirable article of October 7th) and Colonel Ranken (in his more recent contribution) point to the lack of money as the greatest difficulty of the Territorial Army. I would rather point to the lack of men. The money is needed, and needed badly; but increased grants (at any rate so long as they are devoted to equipment, drill-halls and similar objects) will produce more men. Some monetary inducement to the employers (who have it in their power to make or mar the Territorial Force), or even in the form of a separation allowance or bounty to the men, might have a good effect on recruiting. But much as one may regret the fact, it seems that nothing short of a national calamity or some form of compulsion will stir our young to a sense of their duty as regards the defence of their country.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALAN H. MAUDE.

Hendon.

### "THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an attempt to answer Mr. Edward Cutler's query, I would suggest that the word "strained" in this sentence is an abbreviation of "constrained."

Does not Shylock's inquiry immediately preceding—namely, "On what compulsion must I [be merciful]? Tell me that"—tend to confirm this view?—Yours faithfully,

J. B. WALLIS.

Derby.

\* \* \* Owing to pressure on our space, letters referring to "The Revival of Poetic Drama" and other subjects are unavoidably held over.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Letters from Norway.* By Sir Walter F. Miéville, K.C.M.G. With Portrait Frontispiece. Cambridge's, Brighton. 2s. 6d. net.
- Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith.* Vol. XXVII. *Bibliography and Various Readings.* Illustrated. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- Anomalies of the English Law.* By Samuel Beach Chester. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.
- Repertory Plays:—3. The Price of Coal.* By Harold Brighouse. 4. *Augustus in Search of a Father.* By Harold Chapin. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net each.
- Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation.* By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Anselm's Society. 1s. net.
- English Episcopal Palaces.* (Province of York.) Edited by R. S. Rait. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s. net.
- A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Team—Tezkere.* (Vol. IX. Si—Th.) Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Double Section. Henry Frowde. 5s.
- Cameo Book-Stamps Figured and Described.* By Cyril Davenport, V.D., F.S.A. Edward Arnold. 21s. net.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Early Reminiscences.* By J. L. Story. Illustrated. James Maclehose and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.
- William the Silent, Prince of Orange (1533-1584), and the Revolt of the Netherlands.* By Ruth Putnam. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.
- Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité. Tome IX. La Grèce Archaique.* By Georges Perrot. Illustrated. Hachette and Co. 30fr.
- Quatre Généraux de la Révolution: Hoche et Desaix, Kléber et Marceau. Lettres et Notes Inédites. 2e Série.* By Arthur Chuquet. Fontemoing and Co., Paris. 7fr. 50c.
- Bismarck's Pen: The Life of Heinrich Abeken.* Edited from his Letters and Journals by his Wife. Authorised Translation by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 15s. net.



- The Life of Nelson.* By Robert Southey. With an Introduction by John Masefield and Designs by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. Gibbings and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte et le Ministère Odilon Barrot, 1849.* By André Lebey. Edouard Cornély and Co., Paris. 12fr.

## FICTION

- The Man in the Shadow.* By A. W. Child. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- The Free Marriage.* By J. Keighley Snowden. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- "*Love's Old Sweet Song.*" By Clifton Bingham. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- By Right Divine.* By Gerald Maxwell. Portrait Frontispiece. H. Grevel and Co. 6s.
- The Centaur.* By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- The Pilgrim Kamanita: a Legendary Romance.* By Karl Gjellerup. Translated by John E. Logie. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
- M. des Lourdines: Histoire d'un Gentilhomme Campagnard.* By Alphonse de Châteaubriant. Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3fr. 50c.
- The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories and Dramas.* By Count Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. With Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
- Sekhet.* By Irene Miller. John Lane. 6s.

## THEOLOGY

- Alcuin Club Tracts.—IX. Prayer-book Revision: The "Irreducible Minimum" of the Hickleton Conference, showing the Proposed Rearrangement of the Order for Holy Communion, Together with Further Suggestions.* Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix containing the Canons or Anaphoræ of other Rites, by Athelstan Riley, M.A. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.
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## VERSE

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- The Lord is King, and other Poems.* By Dora Bee. The Religious Tract Society. 2s. net.
- "*Lycidas,*" a Monograph. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. With Facsimile MS. Frontispiece. John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Don and the Dervish: A Book of Verse, Original and Translated.* By Reynold A. Nicholson. J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
- Love's Ferrying.* By Margaret Maitland Radford. Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.
- Wordsworth and Coleridge: Lyrical Ballads, 1798.* Edited by Harold Littledale, M.A., D.Litt. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

## JUVENILE

- The Garden Patch: Short Stories for Children.* By Alice Massie. Illustrated by Mary Massie. S.P.C.K. 2s.
- What the Church Did for England: Being the Story of the Church of England from A.D. 690 to A.D. 1215.* By Gertrude Hollis. Illustrated. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.
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- Frolic Farm.* Verses by B. Parker. Pictures by N. Parker. W. and R. Chambers. 3s. 6d. net.

## PERIODICALS

- Literary Digest, N.Y.; M.A.B.; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Our Empire, a Weekly Magazine for Sunday-schools; The Sign, a Monthly Parish Magazine, Annual Volume; La Revue; The Bodleian; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; Traveller's Gazette; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Mercure de France; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, U.S.A.; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; The Queen, Christmas Number; Black and White, Christmas Number; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Boy's Own, and Christmas Number; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine, Christmas Double Number.*

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